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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.

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Comment Of The Day

A 'Dodge' Policy

OUR film critic today draws attention to a practice which has often caused annoyance among the Colony's cinema-going public—that is the deliberate policy of rival theatres of showing their best films simultaneously. The attitude of those responsible seems to be "We don't want to be outdone." And the policy is applied not only to the big, well-reviewed and generally recommended films, but to Westerns, thrillers, musicals and other categories. The question is why should we get a spate of like films—why not more diversity?

As big films, like "The Ten Commandments," for example, generally run for a longer-than-usual period, box office takings for the best films are not greatly affected by this policy of collision. The only loser might be the rival theatre which runs an inferior competitor simultaneously. This is perhaps the best reason why the present policy should be discontinued.

THIS suggestion is made not for the financial benefit of the local theatres, however. As we said at the outset it is the irritation that this policy arouses among cinema-goers that is the chief reason for suggesting staggered screenings. For what happens at present is that those who are discriminating in their choice of films or fans of a particular type of film, find themselves going to the cinema three or four times in a fortnight—and then not again for a number of weeks or months.

Cinemas cannot be blamed for holding big attractions for holiday periods like Easter, Christmas and Chinese New Year. But to persist with attempts to outdo one another every weekend of the year in carrying the policy too far. Theatres obviously know when their rivals intend to screen big films. Wouldn't it be more sensible in future to make sure that potentially big box-office attractions and films of a like category dodge rather collide with one another?

ARMY CHIEF AGREES TO EIGHT-POINT CONDITIONS U NU HANDS OVER GOVT Appeals To People For Support

Rangoon, Sept. 26.—Burmese Premier, U Nu, announced tonight in a broadcast to the nation that he had resigned and handed over his powers to General Ne Win, Chief of the General Staff.

FORMOSA CRISIS

I'M MORE HOPEFUL' SAYS LLOYD

New York, Sept. 26.—Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the British Foreign Secretary, left by air for London tonight after telling reporters he was "a little more hopeful" about the Formosa crisis.

In an impromptu statement before he boarded his plane, Mr. Lloyd said:

"I am convinced of the sincere desire of the United States Government for a peaceful settlement."

Successful

"I think the important thing is for everyone to see how they can help the Warsaw negotiations to be successful."

"I am a little more hopeful than I was when I came to New York 10 days ago."

Mr. Lloyd refused to answer questions.

The Foreign Secretary has been attending the opening meetings of the United Nations General Assembly and has had talks with Mr. John Foster Dulles, the United States Secretary of State, and Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister.—UPI.

Demand

Brussels, Sept. 26.—Supporters of Pro-Western ex-President Camille Chamaa today demanded half the seats in the new cabinet in continued opposition to Premier Rashid Kannun's all-rebel Government.—UPI.

BRITISH LABOUR PARTY'S NEW FOREIGN POLICY

London, Sept. 26.—The Labour Party executive today approved a statement calling on the British Government to do all in its power to dissuade the United States from taking any part in the defence of Quemoy and Matsu.

It urged the Government to try and secure evacuation of the offshore islands by the Chinese Nationalists.

"It is absurd and illogical that the Conservative Government, which recognises the Chinese People's Republic, should continue to continue in denying representation in the United Nations to a country of nearly 600 million people," the statement said.

Algerian Rebel High Command Captured

Paris, Sept. 26.—The Algerian Rebel "High Command" for all Southern France has been captured, the Ministry of Interior announced to-night.

Nu read an eight-point letter sent to Ne Win today in which he:

★ Asked Ne Win to form a new government with himself as Premier in order to prepare elections before the end of April.

★ Promised to call parliament into session and resign on the first day, recommending Ne Win as Premier.

★ Said it was not necessary to place representatives of this country and its overseas territories vote in a referendum on Premier Charles de Gaulle's new "Strategic" constitution.

Recommended

The Ministry said the arrested men included Arreck Bouchala, 23, rebel National Liberation Front (FLN) chief for the whole area of France extending from the Italian frontier to Nantes. He was arrested in Marseille together with two regional chiefs.

★ Advised Ne Win to spare no effort to re-establish peace in the country.

★ Asked him to follow a policy of strict neutrality in foreign affairs.

Ne Win accepted the recommendations point by point and pledged to "do everything possible to succeed in the task of guiding the country if you think it is necessary that I assume that task."

No announcement that the two Houses of Parliament would meet on Tuesday.—France Presse.

ROMAN CATHOLICS THREATEN TO TURN PROTESTANTS

Rome, Sept. 26.—THE 700 Roman Catholic villagers of Bosco, a mountain hamlet in southern Italy, have threatened to turn Protestant unless they get back their beloved parish priest, the Rome newspaper Giornale d'Italia today reported.

The trouble started three months ago when Bosco's priest, Don Francesco Saverio Lo Sardo, was transferred to a now parish.

Even the Sexton of the parish church of Saint Rock joined

the strikers, said the newspaper.

As an additional protest red flags were draped over balconies.

Don Francesco's successor, Don Mario Carpenteri, has tried his best to be on good terms with the villagers but has been unable to break through their wall of icy indifference, the report said.

One day the keys of his church disappeared and no one

lifted a finger to help when Don Mario had to bring a ladder and enter the church through a window.

"And as if all this was not enough," the newspaper added, the Roman Catholic peasants of Bosco got in touch with Protestants nearby and gave them a warm reception.

"All 400 inhabitants now threaten to become Protestants."—Reuter.

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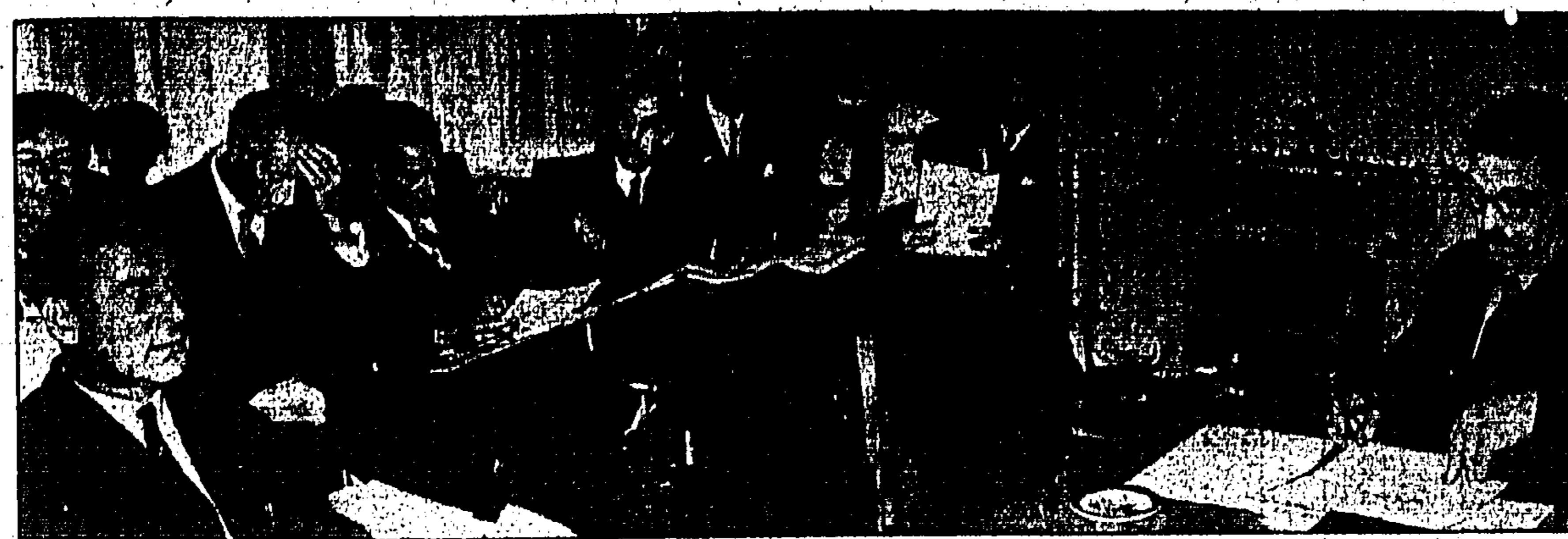
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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

COURT IN SESSION...IN MRS C's PARLOUR

In "court"—left to right, Mrs Cliff; her husband's counsel; Mr Staines's counsel; a solicitor; a surveyor; Miss Cotman; Mr Staines (with paper up to face); and at table, Mr Young, listening to witness in armchair.

A 'SHOCK' FOR THE SEE-SAW

THIS village council was locked in an official argument over whether see-saws should have shock absorbers.

Councillor Frank Bald started the argument when he learned the council was going to buy see-saws with shock absorbers for local playgrounds.

"Half the fun of a see-saw is the bump," Bald said. The council agreed to ask for manufacturers' estimates for see-saws with and without bumps, but the argument remained unsettled.—U.P.L.

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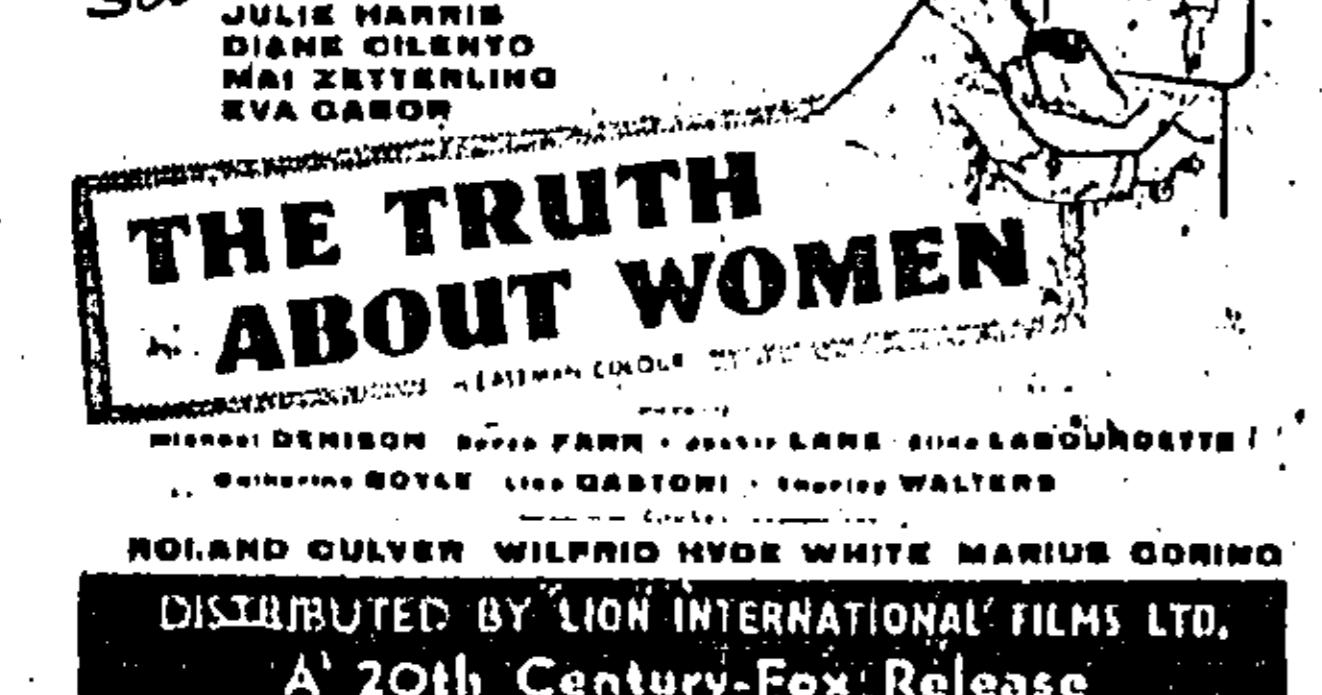
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THE EARTH SHOOK BEFORE HIM!
THE MOUNTAIN ROARED HIS NAME!



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See **THE TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN**



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TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon

20th Century-Fox presents
"Baby and the Battle Ship"

Starring: John Mills
Richard Attenborough

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.15 p.m. RKO Radio presents

"THE CONQUEROR"

In CinemaScope & Color
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'Judge' Parks His Brolly By The Fire Tongs

London.

GEOFFREY CLIFF and his wife held court in their living-room last week. There was a judge, there were barristers, solicitors, witnesses, and newspapermen. And the Cliffs invited the neighbours to come, too.

Mr Cliff was the defendant. Mr Frederick Staines, a local builder and decorator, was the plaintiff.

It was probably the most unusual court in British legal history.

Counsel and solicitors were ranged in garter seats across the centre of the pink and cream room, with their briefs laid out on coffee tables.

Witnesses leaned back in red upholstered armchairs.

Neighbours and newspapermen sat on the many red, black and yellow striped carpet.

Squeezed up

As for the judge, or more correctly, the adjudicator, he parked his brolly in the fire-place beside the fire tongs, laid his bombshell hat on the radiogram beside a bowl of citronella-tumums, and sat squeezed up at the dining-room table with the TV set behind him.

"Right, now let's get on with it," he said.

And the court was in session at No. 8, Cranbrook-Rise, Ilford, Essex.

How did this strange court come to be convened?

It all dates back to the time 33-year-old Mr Cliff, who runs a photographic business, called in Mr Staines to carry out some repairs to his house.

For as long as anyone can remember Spaghetti has been considered in Italy not only an indispensable item on the daily menu but as a remedy for all

THE LATEST IN MUSEUMS—A SPAGHETTI ONE

Pontedassio.

ITALY has for ages been a land of museums and spaghetti.

No wonder that one day someone should think of creating a spaghetti museum.

This is now done.

A recent congress of humorists from all over the world officially inaugurated in this tiny northern village the "Spaghetti Historical Museum."

The inauguration was a solemn affair, as befit any ceremony honouring Italy's basic food-stuff.

Political, municipal and church authorities attended the occasion togeher with humorists and cartoonists, who took this day off from their annual Congress at nearby Bordighera.

For as long as anyone can remember Spaghetti has been considered in Italy not only an indispensable item on the daily menu but as a remedy for all

problems.

On the initiative of a well-known spaghetti manufacturer who offered his home here, anything and everything that tells the story of spaghetti-making has been collected for exhibition.

On Exhibit

An exhibit are ancient and modern poems, paintings, etchings, photographic cooking books with the thousands of recipes for treating spaghetti, government decrees dating back to 1602 which fixed the price of spaghetti (and provided up to ten years in gaol for anyone employing harmful ingredients of the manufacture of spaghetti).

Also exhibited is a perfect and functioning reproduction of a spaghetti-factory dating back to 1850.

Ancient books and drawings telling the story of spaghetti are also shown.

One item which proud Italians may not like is the reminder in the form of a tale by traveller Marco Polo that he found discovered spaghetti as long ago as 700 years.

Inauguration

Three French humorists attending the inauguration were asked to contribute to the collection.

The results were:

Barberousse: A cat using spaghetti as a lasso to capture a mouse.

Peyrot: a cook offering his loved one a heart formed by spaghetti.

Lean: Della, a fat woman using spaghetti as a skipping rope for exercise to lose weight.—U.P.I.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE GOT A WIFE

Syracuse factory foreman Sebas-

tianus Puzzo found the bottle floating off the Sicilian coast last May. He took the message, written in English, to the parish priest for translation, and then returned back home.

Puzzo, it turned out, was the father of eight girls. He hired them up and a family council

chose 18-year-old Paolina. Her picture was sent to Sweden and Puzzo started correspond-

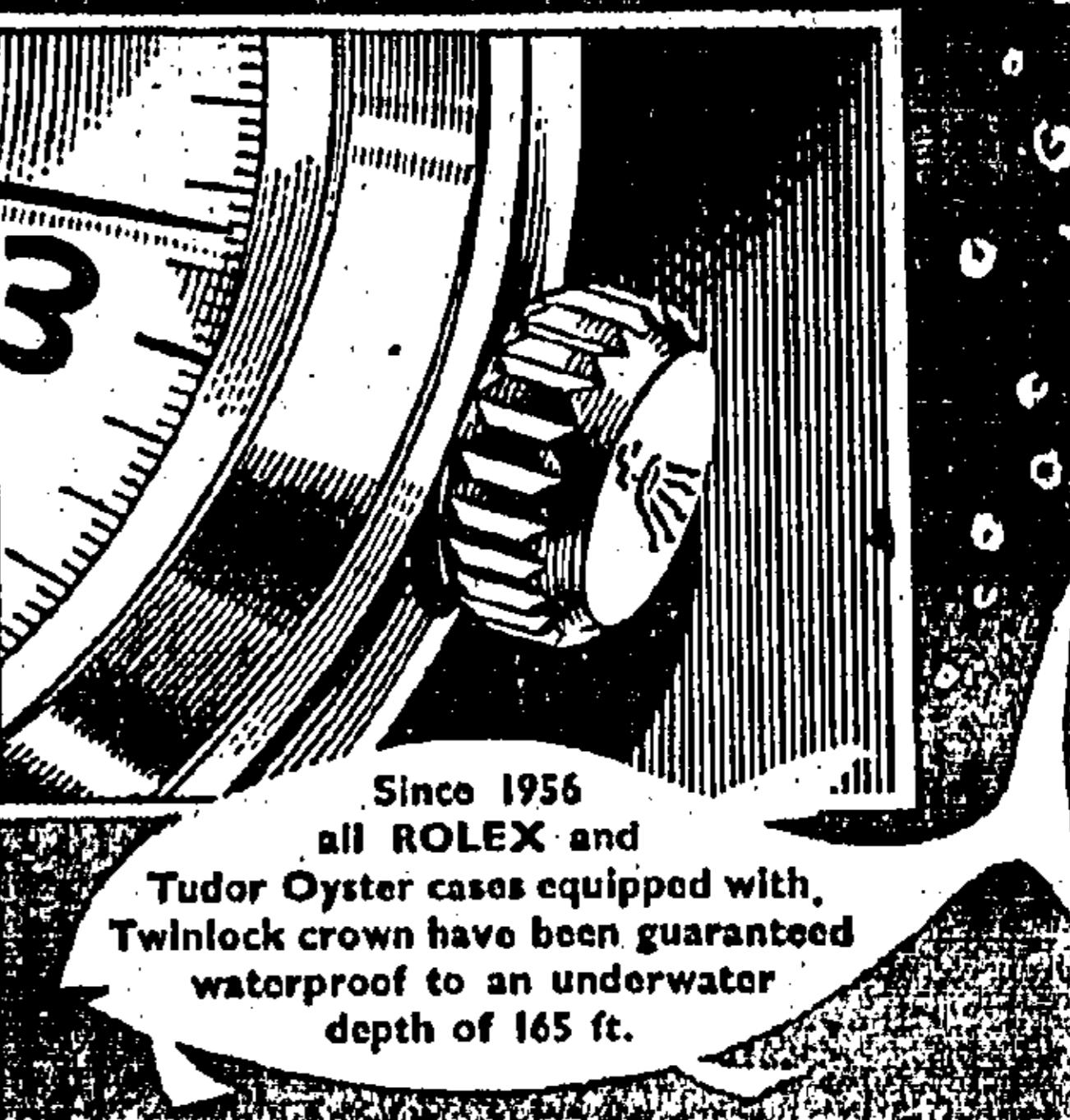
ing with her.

They met recently when Paolina and her mother visited Sweden. Aurora came back home with them.

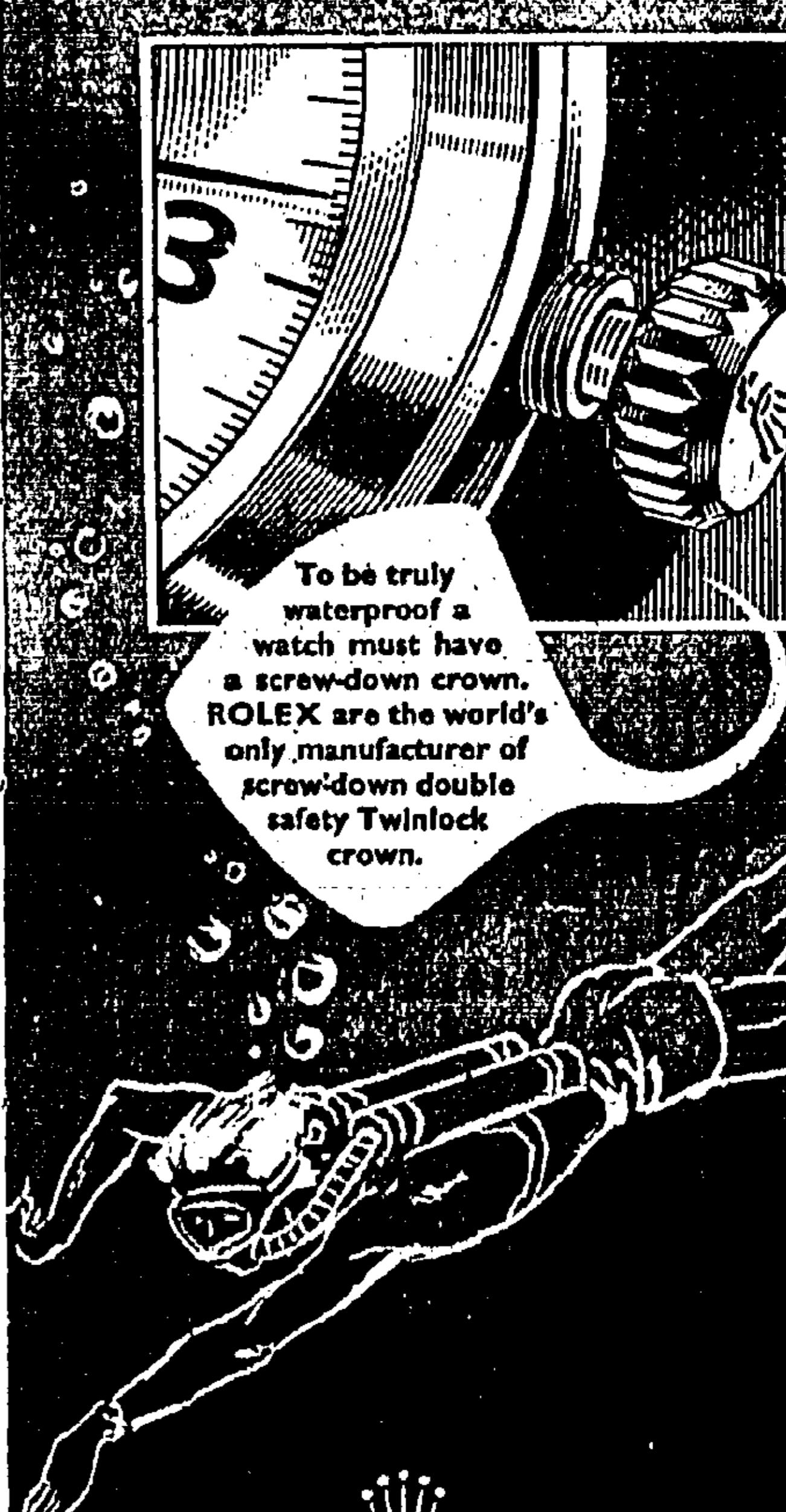
The wedding took place recently.—U.P.I.

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Friday, 3rd October at 8 p.m.

Saturday, 4th October at 9 p.m.

at the

Lake Yew Hall, Hong Kong University

BOOKINGS AT MCLINTIES

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE LEFT: Prince Charles operating a circular saw on Balmoral estate, under the admiring gaze of the Queen, Prince Philip and Princess Anne during a recent holiday.

LEFT: 'Professor' James Cagney (left) talking with Lord Kilbracken in a Dublin film studio where he is making a film about the days of "the troubles". The film is entitled "Shake Hands With The Devil", and will include Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson.

BELOW: Olivia De Havilland, elegant star who says she practices yoga to keep slim, after her arrival in London recently.



ABOVE: Lance Callingham, take part in the water-ski championships there. Lance, who is a skilled water-skier, is enjoying the galaxy of Juan-Les-Pins, and has been seen in the company of Anna Gerber, daughter of the South African millionaire.

RIGHT: Petite, 5ft. Mary Pickford arrived in London recently with her pretty daughter, Roxanne (5ft. 5½in.). They are on their way to Switzerland where Roxanne goes to school.

BELOW: Singly, each wrapped in his own strange thoughts, the inmates of Block Six, the most disturbed and dangerous of all Broadmoor patients, drift about the exercise yard, surrounded by a 16ft wall. These men were guilty of the most appalling crimes, but being unsound of mind, are detained "during the Queen's pleasure" because they are ill.



LEFT: With a tartan rug to keep her warm, Princess Margaret is seen recently about to drive 35 miles to the home of her host and hostess, Captain Ian and Lady Margaret Tannant, at Innes House, near Elgin, after attending the Seaforth and Cameron Highlanders' ball, in Inverness. She had danced all night with officers in full highland dress, joining in reels with nimble grace. And at the end she was as fresh and smiling as ever.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



ABOVE: A brief story that gives a lead on how British people should try to live in harmony with citizens of a different colour, comes from Glasgow. At the Central Station there, a four-year-old girl, Alexis Falconer, sobbed bitterly on parting from Nurse Willietta (Billy) Priddy, a coloured nurse who has been in Britain for nine years and was returning to her native Sierra Leone. "Don't go, don't go" sobbed Alexis, as her loving friend was leaving. Picture shows Alexis taking a tearful farewell of Nurse Willietta.

Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



SAVY: Basically, 'know,' 'understand.' The word is known wherever the English language is spoken and turns up regularly in colloquial speech. Phrases such as 'My savvy,' 'I understand' and 'That boy got plenty savvy.' 'That boy is no fool,' are common in the books on South China published in the last century. It is even given a French flavour in the Fan Quai at Canton. In the first, no as-a-ver. This word is almost certainly of Portuguese origin: *sabé*.

SHAI SZ: Hongkong Cantonese for saraparilla. These syllables represent the introductory foreign single system since final-s is alien to the Cantonese phonetic system.

SHOH YA I: Soda, in Hongkong Cantonese. The final syllable means "soap."

SHOH TA: Soda, as a loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese.

SHROFF: Usually a cashier in Hongkong. It is often written and appears on notices in local Banks. It is an Anglo-Indian word and was originally the name given to a native servant employed to detect bad coins. The word is of Arabic origin, *sarrat*, *sarrat*, *sarrat* and probably passed through Indo-Portuguese to English. A Portuguese source of 1554 writes *xarrato*, the x of which represents English sh. The earliest English references I have been able to find, date from Foster's letters of the early seventeenth century where this word is spelt *sarrate* or *sharrat*. Fryer, however, wrote *Shroff* in 1678. *Shroff* had also been used as a verb: to examine coins. Giles, in his *Glossary of Reference* (1878) says that Shroffing schools were "common in Canton, where teachers of the art keep bad dollars for the purpose of exercising their pupils; and several works on the subject have been published there, with numerous illustrations of dollars and other foreign coins, the methods of scooping out the metal and filling up with copper or lead, comparisons between genuine and counterfeit dollars, the difference between native and foreign issuing, etc., etc."

SIDE: This word was of great semantic importance in China Coast Pidgin and, naturally, in the English of Hongkong where it still appears in print in sub-standard combinations. In most cases Pidgin usage is fairly faithful to Cantonese or other Chinese models. Here are some common examples: *Top-side*, top, upstairs. Have got water top-side (Leland); *bottom-side*, below, down, under, low; *long-side*, with, by, near, accompanying; *outside*, foreign, outside old river, Yangtse Kiang, outside old river man, Northern Chinese; come this side, arrived here, just now hab' got two-piece *los-houe-man* come this side, two missionaries have arrived. Even the expressions Hongkong-side and Kowloon-side may sound strange to the ears of the newly-arrived Englishman, Australian, New Zealander or American.

SIN SZ: Cents as borrowed by Hongkong Cantonese.

SNAPPER: Various kinds of Hongkong fish, usually of the genus *Julianus*. See Herklots and Lin, *Food-Flakes of Hongkong*.

SOLE: Macao sole. Herklots and Lin say this may be either *Cynoglossus sinicus*, Tsim Lo (pointed sole), *Cynoglossus cyprinoides*, Fong Lo (flat, irregular sole) in Cantonese. SQUIDGE: in Illegible Cantonese. Particular dates it back only to 1930. In the Fan Kwae at Canton (1882) it is stated that "If the license (of the Hong merchants) . . . was costly, it secured to them uninterrupted and extraordinary pecuniary advantages; but on the other hand it subjected them to 'calls' or 'squeezes' for contributions to public works."

When the author of the Fan Kwae . . . made a pass at a Tanka sampan-woman at Macao the latter cried out *Nai nai* Mandarin see; he squeezes meel, he squeezes meel! Mandarins see: The Hong Kong Daily Press of 10th October, 1877, reports that "Formosa has long been viewed by native officials as a fat field for the practice of what is vulgarly known as squeezing, though politely termed taxation."

SUT SHAM: Shirt in Hongkong Cantonese. The first element is the loan-word introduced with the foreign garment. The second element means 'garment.'

SYCEE: Pure silver (Chinese), *sal* is, 'fine silk' in Cantonese. Giles says that this name was given because silver, if really pure, may be drawn out into fine threads. The earliest reference to this word in English quoted in Hobson Johnson is that of Lockyer (1711): "Formerly they used to sell for Silver, or Silver full fine; but of late the method is altered." Giles quotes the following atrocious doggerel on the etymology of this word:

"Some ask me what the cause may be
That Chinese silver's called *sycee*.
'Tis probable they call it so
Because they wish to see it go."

SZ MAAT: "Smart," as a loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ MAN TO: Cement, in Hongkong Cantonese.

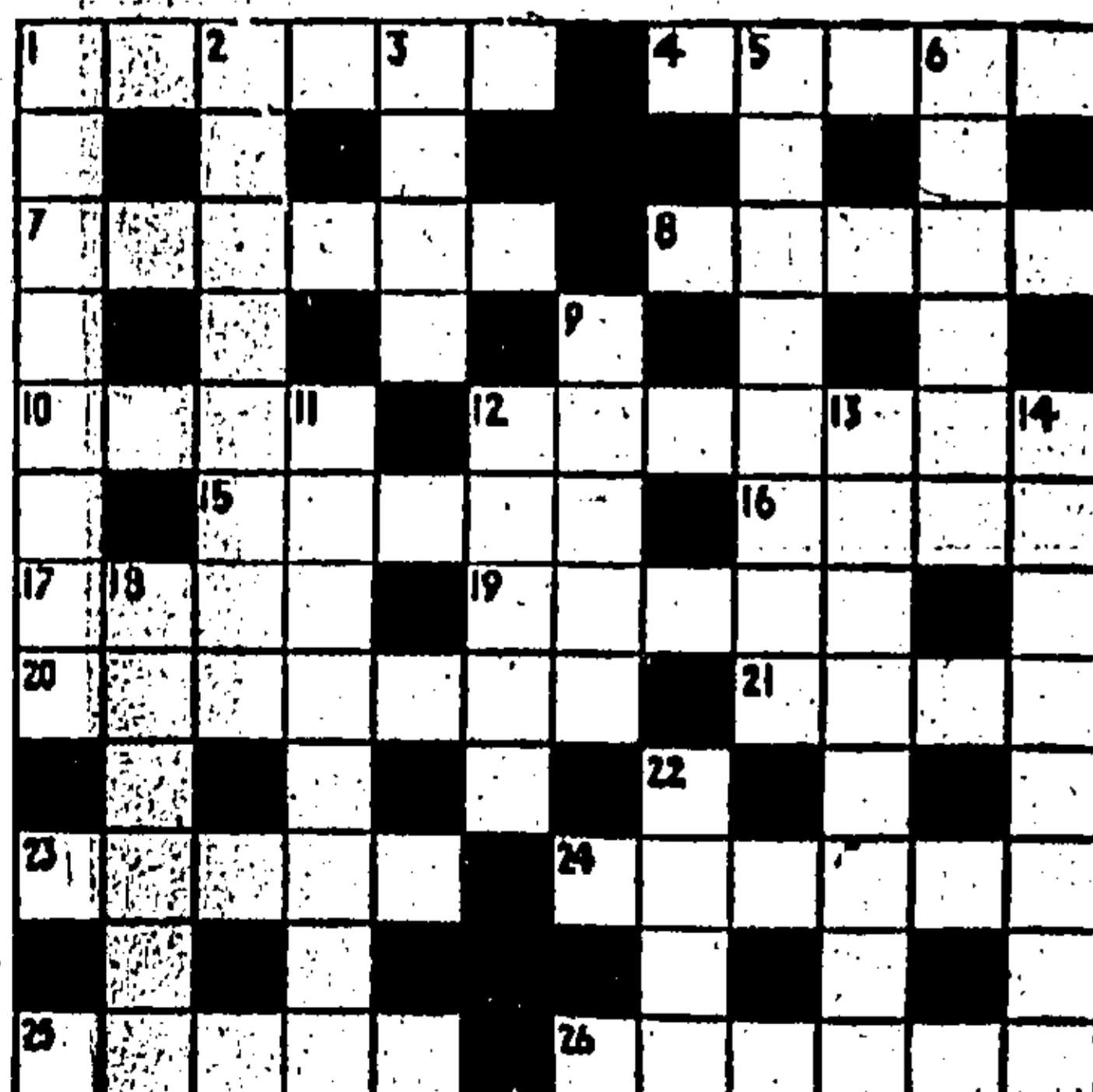
SZ TAA M: Stamp, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TIK: Stick, in Hongkong Cantonese.

SZ TOH: Store, (i.e. shop), in Hongkong Cantonese.

SUET KO PAI: Ice-cream pie, in Cantonese. The last element is the English word *pie*.

A British Crossword Puzzle



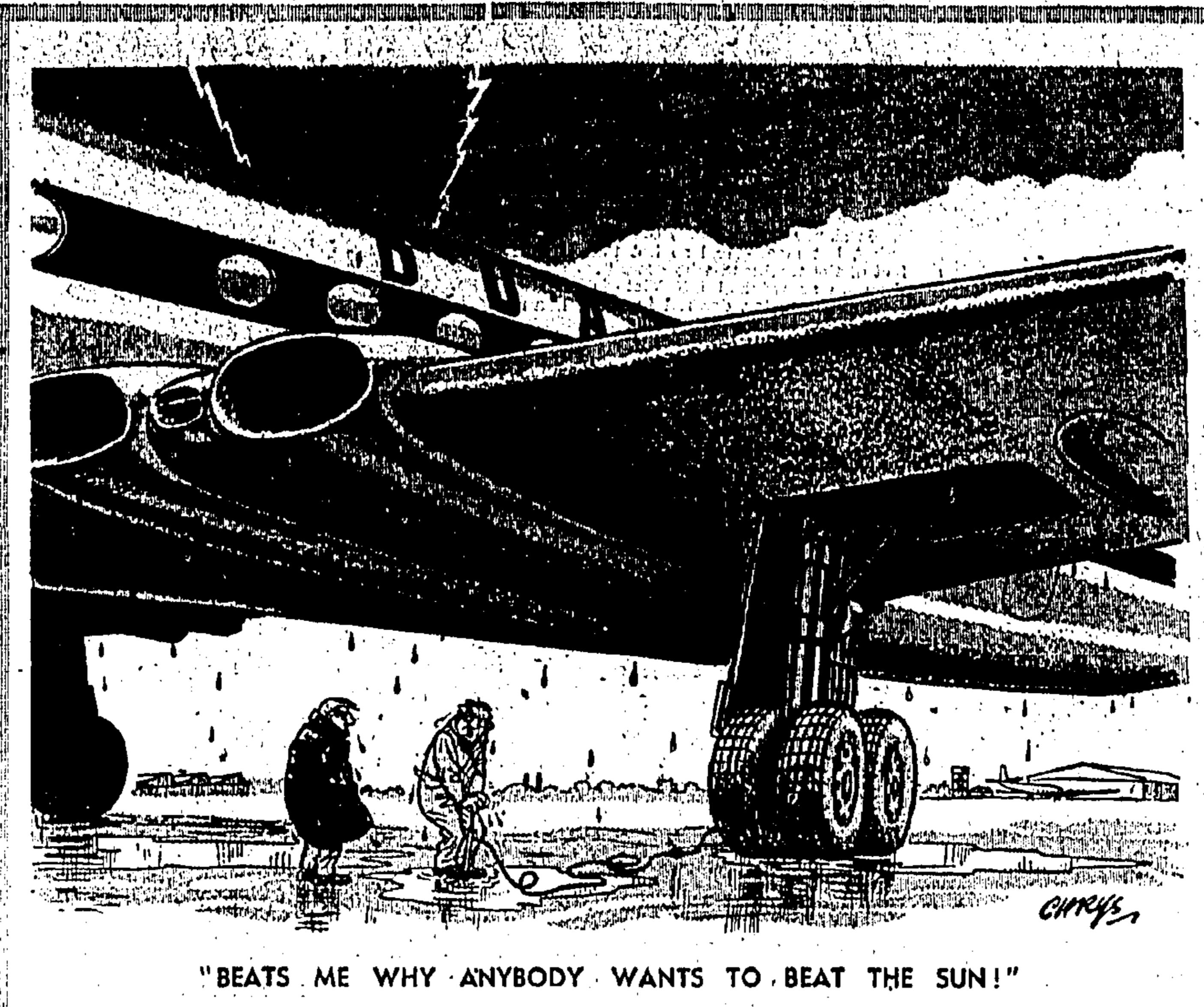
ACROSS:

- 1. Depth, exasperation? (6).
- 4. Ornamental jumper? (5).
- 7. Lives? (6).
- 8. Girl's name? (6).
- 10. Mine Gallery? (4).
- 12. More than a summary, to be? (6).
- 13. Snoot? (7).
- 15. Museum piece, perhaps? (6).
- 16. Brainy? (6).
- 17. Pool's name? (4).
- 20. Such a commentary may, however, cover a walk? (6).
- 21. Gain by labour? (4).
- 22. Please don't die, girl? (6).
- 24. That's your lot? (6).
- 25. Narrative mainly political? (6).
- 26. Nothing to pay? (6).

DOWN:

- 1. Lift, as — (8).
- 2. This one would call it? (8).
- 3. Essayist? (4).
- 5. Remover of royalty? (6).
- 6. Access to income fit? (6).
- 9. The T.O. of P.T.O. (6).
- 11. The T.O. of P.T.O. (6).
- 12. Instrument or instruction for playing it? (6).
- 18. His "16" are seldom practical. (3).
- 20. Two alike? (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 3. Dodger, 8. Arm-rim, 9. Sediment, 11. Fortunes, 12. Russ (suro), 13. Meter, 15. Dared, 19. Rock, 23. Lembardo, 24. Corn paper, 25. Ascent, 26. Solitude. Down: 1. Band, 2. Start, 3. Discused, 4. Omen, 5. Dads, 6. Gruel, 7. Roten, 10. Deter, 14. Tares, 15. Re-mare, 16. Trace, 17. Formal, 20. Lager, 21. Birth, 22. Loot, 23. Mead.



London Letter

by

Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

ARE rich people really necessary? If the answer is "Yes," then should they be allowed to bequeath their wealth, or a large portion of it, to their heirs and successors?

This is not a quiz game (although it would provide a lively theme for discussion) but a serious question which has been made topical by the recent death of that remarkable 75-year-old woman—the Viscountess Rhondda.

It is essential to our story to take note that her father, David Alfred Thomas, was a Welshman who was educated at Oxford University but did not allow the University to blind himself to a stern realism. He became a big colliery owner, a member of Parliament, and despite a long personal feud with his fellow Welshman, David Lloyd George, the latter appointed him Minister of Health. Then in the 1914 war he took over the Ministry of Food and made a great success of it.

For economy of space I have left out some other awards from her estate but you will agree with me that her goodness and generosity like her stubborn idealism, remained in the armour of her spirit to the very end.

Lloyd George created him a Viscount but it was a glory that lasted only a few weeks. The ultimate democracy of death took him away from life's struggle and life's glory.

Alas! He had no son. The brief end of a Viscount was close to her but, being a romantic, she had made one unfortunate miscalculation. Not for the first time a woman had mistaken gross for net. When the millions the Viscountess of the Exchequer had finalized with her estate it had shrunk from £65,459 gross to £27,985 net. She had also forgotten some benefactions which had decreased the gross.

Lloyd George, however, was determined to pay the debt of his fellow countryman so by special decree it was ordained that Rhondda's daughter should be created a Viscountess in her own right.

Fortunately in Britain there is a Prime Minister who is not merely a politician but a publisher of wide experience. We have heard probably too much about Macmillan's grandfather who lived in Scotland as a poor protestant breed family which in the third generation produced a mighty publishing house and eventually a great Prime Minister. But is the same road of opportunity open today? No one will say that opportunity has ceased to exist—but the road narrows and the rewards lessen.

Here indeed was a difficult and delicate situation. In 1908 she married a mere baronet named Sir Humphrey Mackworth but the marriage was not a success and was eventually dissolved.

Up to that time the bestowing of a peerage on a woman was a very rare thing, but it brought happiness and a sense of purpose to Lady Rhondda. Her father had been a mighty servant of the state. Now she, his daughter, would create a weedy magazine in which she could play a part in moulding public opinion.

Forgive me if I take for the sake of argument a self-employed writer like myself. It may not be true that she directed in her will that her trustees should discharge out of her general estate any sums owed by her or any guarantees she had given to the printers in connection with the publishing of TIME AND TIDE.

I have already mentioned her £22,000 on trust for her nephew and a similar amount for a friend, but there were also a number of £1,000 benefactions to tried friends and colleagues.

In fact a bountiful woman had departed life in an aura of bountiful generosity— even her benefactions could only be partially realized.

Now let us leave her in the vicinity and end this London Letter with an observation on the rights of death duties and their effect upon the social scene of the United Kingdom.

The landing of the dead is not a modern or even a Victorian invention. Actually it dates back to the Romans. Before the 17th century was out many European countries had imposed inheritance taxes. The British

held back until a century ago and then introduced a progressive system of death duties. Canada, I am glad to say, held out against it as long as possible, but only in the Hitler war the Canadian Government imposed a combined Estate and Inheritance Duty—an example which was duly followed by other Dominions.

But has the process gone too far in the United Kingdom? One might argue that the preservation of the stately homes of England is not a matter of great importance yet it is these splendid relics of a former glory which gives charm and character to the English countryside. Faced with heavy death duties the aristocrats have compromised with Fate. Thus the Duke of Marlborough, descended from the mighty conqueror and incidentally a relative of Sir Winston Churchill, decided to throw open the famous house "Blenheim" and its grounds at so much per head.

The Duke of Bedford went even further. He allowed the nudists to hold their annual convocation on his ancestral estate, Woburn Abbey, at so much per body. Then there is the Marquess of Bath who opened his splendid home Longleat and takes toll in the amount of his visitors.

In fact while the workers rest at the end of the week the peers toll.

Both the satirist and the realist might well agree that this advent of communism will eventually bring the aristocratic tradition to an end and make way for the common man of democracy and equality. But the English refuse to believe that common sense is the finest flowering of the human spirit, just as they refuse to believe that there can be absolute equality in men or horses.

Well—there we are. The House of Lords still survives at Westminster just as the houses of the lords persist in the countryside.

But I am sorry that the greedy fingers of the Treasury took a toll of Lady Rhondda's estate, that her kindly bequests were cruelly reduced. She was a kindly and dedicated woman who gave more to life than she took from it.

When I began this London Letter it seemed inevitable that with the passing of the Lady Bountiful the struggling TIME AND TIDE would cease publication. But the editor has succeeded in getting sufficient backing to keep it going. Thus here is a time and there is a tide in the affairs of men and it is good news that this brave periodical is to continue its reforming task.

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Two Kings Pulled Down London Bridge

And down came company of soldiers with it

MOST of London's 14 road bridges over the Thames have an interesting story. The old Southwark Bridge, for example, was opened at midnight in 1819, by candlelight.

In the 18th century, Blackfriars Bridge had a half-penny toll, but when the charge was raised to a penny on Sundays, Londoners rioted and burned down the toll-house. This bridge was a memorial to William Pitt.

The finest bridge in Europe was thought to be London's former Waterloo Bridge. One of its gracefully curved arches, however, became weakened and in 1924 it was closed to traffic. Eleven years passed before it was decided to demolish the bridge and build a new one.

A former Westminster Bridge, built in 1039-50, was financed by lotteries. This was the bridge from which Wordsworth gazed and wrote his famous sonnet which begins, "Earth has not

nothing to show more fair".

Gilded "pineapples" form part of the decoration of the present Lambeth Bridge, opened in 1932. It is believed that they are a tribute to the architect, John Truscott, the first man to import pineapples into England. He was buried under the old Lambeth Bridge.

Built Again

But none of these bridges can claim the great history of London Bridge. It is possible that there was a bridge not far east of the present one, as long ago as A.D. 43. When Aulus Plautius pursued the Britons across the Thames during the Roman Conquest, it is recorded that some of the troops swam across the river whilst others "got over the bridge a little way upstream".

In 1014, London Bridge figured prominently in a battle between King Ethelred and the

Danes. Supported by King Olaf of Norway, Ethelred sailed into the Thames with his fleet. The Danes had a castle in the City, known as "Suthwic", now Southwark; they had erected a stone and timber bulwark fortified by a strong army.

Between the castle and Southwark, over the Thames, was a broad bridge with raised barricades and built on piles driven into the river bed. The Norwegian ships lay alongside the bridge and were covered by great wooden platforms which the Danes had pulled down, my fair lady".

The word "starlings" did not mean birds in the 17th century. Starlings then were wooden platforms which protected the piers of London Bridge and forced the water into narrow, fast-flowing channels. So dangerous were these starlings that an oil proverb used to say "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under". On one day in November 1093, 15 people were drowned in the swirling waters under the bridge.

Then Ethelred ordered cables to be put round the bridge piers. The cables were made fast to the boats, and the boats were rowed away. Down came the bridge, and with it the Danish company manning it.

A Monster

A century later, in 1136, London Bridge was down again, this time as a result of fire. Peter of Colechurch decided to build another bridge in 1176, but he died in 1205 before it could be completed. A chapel had already been erected on the bridge, however, and Peter was buried in the undercroft. This burial on a bridge must be unique.

By 1258, the bridge had become a busy trading centre with 138 shops, and the chapel still remained. Even then, it was possible that London Bridge shippers still talked about the occasion in 1240 when a whale, "a monster of prodigious size", swam through one of the arches of the bridge. It was chased by sailors armed with slings and bows, and killed at Merthake after a long fight.

There was another fight in 1281, when a severe winter brought down great blocks of ice against the bridge with

A back across a room

The chatter of the gayest party

An occasion that deserves the

finest Scotch



IN THE TALL, THE NARROW, THE WIDE,
WELCOME FRIENDS, FAIR YOUNG COUPLE,

If you travel by train almost anything can happen

TO the clang of bells, the shrieks of children, and the wailing of farewells, the "Poona Express" pulled out of Bombay.

This is one of the most famous trains of India, planes and whistles over 120 miles of glittering, hot steel—so hot that it burns the feet of the truckmen who cross it.

As soon as we had left Victoria Station, Poona, an Inspector, dressed in white flannels and singlet, and wearing top-boots, came into the compartment.

He examined each ticket several times, both sides, and from various angles, as if he had never seen one before. This is the way of small officials in India.

The word "starlings" did not mean birds in the 17th century. Starlings then were wooden platforms which protected the piers of London Bridge and forced the water into narrow, fast-flowing channels. So dangerous were these starlings that an oil proverb used to say "London Bridge was made for wise men to go over and fools to go under".

"London Bridge is built on sand," he said. "It is built on sand, and the water will wash it away."

When the official had gone, the head of a small boy bobbed up outside the window. He had joined us at Bombay, and now, like several others, was having a free ride to the next stop, clinging on for dear life as the train jolted along.

His hair blew out straight in the wind. We entered a tunnel and thundered through. At the other end, as the light returned, he was, to my surprise, still clinging on and smiling toothily. He left us at the next station, still smiling and filthy.

We had an interesting conversation about trains. The business man would not speak English. He carried a home-spun bag, and was clearly an ardent nationalist.

Now and again he spoke in a loud voice to the business man—something which I suspected concerned "India" for the Indians" much to the embarrassment of the business man.

"That's cooler," said the business man. "I had not noticed this. The wind in India is so hot, it was as if a giant oven door had just been opened."

At the next station, we had a longer hold-up, than usual. A cow had decided to lie flat on the sleepers, its head facing the engine. Cows are extraordinarily well thought of in India—in fact, they are sacred.

"It's cooler," said the business man. "I had not noticed this. The wind in India is so hot, it was as if a giant oven door had just been opened."

At last we moved off. Outside, the parched, scorched countryside of India flashed past the window. From the roof two long whips and shook in their sockets with dangerous-looking case.

Our engine was a diesel. Much of the Indian rail system is still diesel. But the huge chugging steam engines which we passed on the outskirts of

Bombay were all that one would expect, with every conceivable kind of knob and hissing pipe attached.

The steel carriages are brown, with large, long windows. There are three classes, and all notice on the stations and inside the compartments are in English as well as Hindi.

"Don't take any notice of the Indian porters," said the busman. "They are very bad. They are always trying to get you to pay extra for your luggage."

In India it is normal to take your shoes off (few people wear socks in the summer) and curl your feet up under you on the seat, or alternatively, stick them out towards your neighbour.

Nothing happens. This continues for a minute or two. Then the bell is rung again.

Pandemonium is let loose. Even the beggars who throng all stations in India get knocked aside.

All platforms on Indian stations are crowded with these soft-drink characters. Most of them have about half a dozen bottles of lemonade, which they

carry around in buckets of water. Every other man in India is trying to sell soft drinks.

Water is brought round in a bucket free—to dip your hands in, drink, or pour down your neck.

But still the train has no left. "Express" in India merely means that a train does not stop at every possible station. It just stops at nearly every possible station—usually for five minutes; sometimes for half an hour.

"If a train is late in India we all get out and sit on the line as a protest. The police have to come and move us," said the business man.

"Don't," this made the train later still."

It took a good deal of respecting wheeling to get this man into the right frame of mind to move.

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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Your garden sort of went to pot while you were away, Ed—could hardly find the tomatoes for the weeds!"

ROUND-UP

GUARDS VISIT COLDSTREAM

FOR the first time in 37 years the Coldstream Guards are back in the area where the regiment was raised over 300 years ago. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment formed by Colonel George Monck is spending five weeks in camp near Otterburn, Northumberland. It is a fact that more soldiers join the regiment from the North than from any other area in Britain. It was a great day for the battalion when, at the invitation of the Provost, the men visited Coldstream, South Berwickshire. History records that in the winter of 1659-60, when stalled at Coldstream, the regiment marched to London to restore Charles II to the throne. It was this great march from Coldstream that gave the regiment its name. Two hundred-fifty men from the regiment were at the Newcastle v. Manchester United match on September 13.

FAMOUS CITY HALL

LONDON'S historic Barbers Hall may be shared by a second organisation when it is built—at a cost of £150,000—next year. There is a good chance that the hall may be used in association with another learned body, said Mr J. Trustram, clerk to the Company of Barber-Surgeons, in London. The new hall to replace the one destroyed by enemy bombing in December, 1940, will cover most of the Cripplegate site it has occupied for the last 300 years. But the company has been asked to move the hall 30ft forward, and negotiations are going on with the City Corporation for an exchange of land. When it finished the Company's art treasures dispersed before the bombing, will be returned to it. One is the great Holbein picture of Henry VII, much admired by Poppies which has been in safe-keeping at Hampton Court. Priceless silver will also be moved into the new hall, together with the Master's chair.

STUDY TOUR

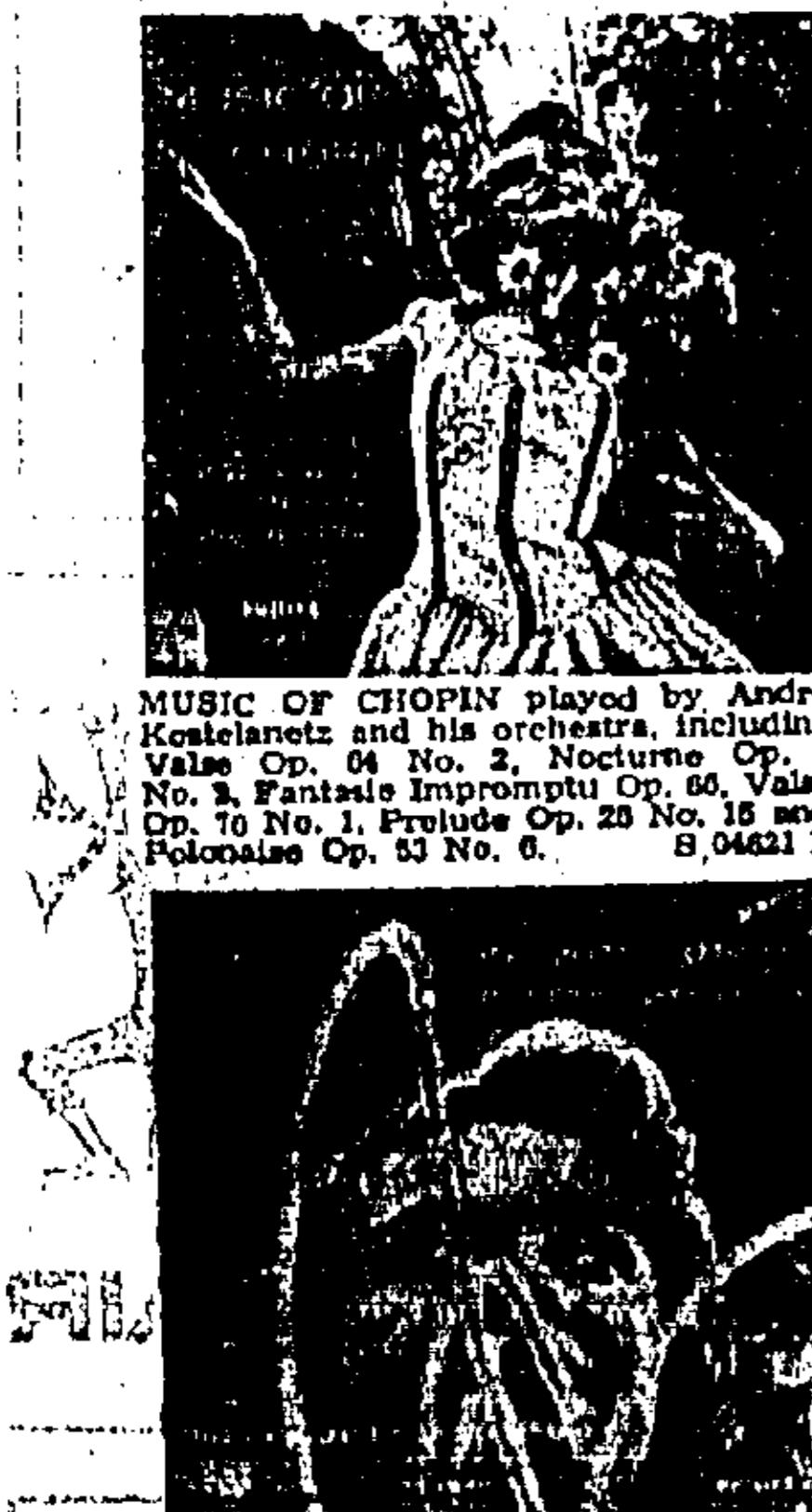
SIX Westminster Hospital medical students are leaving soon for the Belgian Congo on a scientific expedition, which will take 3½ months and cover 12,000 miles. The students will observe bodily changes in people actually travelling and in the tropics. Conditions will range from flooded areas near Lake Chad to desert in the Sahara. The party will return through French Equatorial Africa to Nigeria, across the Sahara to Algiers, and then to Tangier.



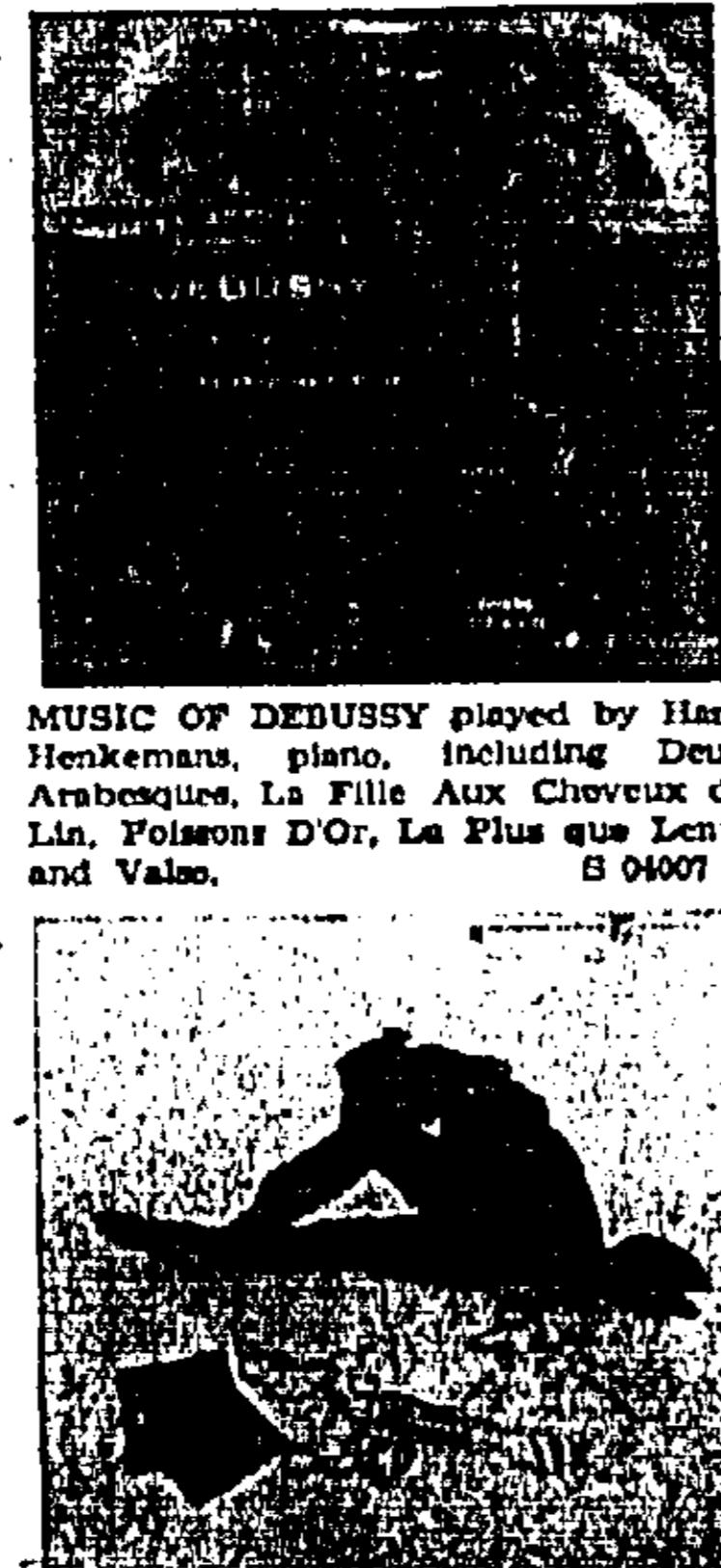
PHILIPS

PHILIPS

The Records of the Century



MUSIC OF CHOPIN played by Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra, including Op. 64 No. 2, Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2, Fantaisie Impromtu Op. 66, Polonoise Op. 53 No. 6, and Scherzo Op. 63 No. 6.



MUSIC OF DEBUSSY played by Hans Henkemans, piano, including Deux Arabesques, La Fille Aux Cheveux de Lin, Poissons D'Or, La Plus que Lente and Valore.

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THESE ARE THE MEN YOU SO VERY RARELY SEE... BUT THE WAY THEY MAKE A FILM IS AS PERSONAL AS A SIGNATURE...

MY FIVE TOP TALENTS

DIRECTORS are constantly bewailing their anonymity. But the fault is largely the public's.

They have preferred to choose their films by an actor's face rather than a director's touch. Attempts to publicise directors have rarely meant much at the box-office.

But, occasionally, a director's genius has broken through this indifference barrier. A film like *Farthings, the Spangled Vivacity of the Circus in Trapeze*, or John Ford was as recognisable and unique as a man's signature. Audiences came to realise that such talents were a surer guide to good pictures than the presence of a star.

His use of the camera is superb. A bouncing ball, a winding staircase can invent a scene with more drama than a wealth of words. And his wizardry with a sound track needs no better testimony than the haunting zither music of *The Third Man*.

IMAGINATIVE

Before the war few British directors had achieved the distinction of public recognition. Perhaps only Alfred Hitchcock, who had to go to Hollywood to solidify his fame.

But the post-war years have been different. Opportunity to make pictures has been matched by growing assurance and imaginatively skill among British directors.

Today there are at least five directors working in British studios who have won international acclaim, and whose names on the sub-titles mean more to audiences than merely a few feet of flickering celluloid.

INTELLECTUAL

Sir Carol Reed.—There is almost an hypnotic compulsion about a Carol Reed film. Even when they are unsuccessful they command attention because they are forever promising excitement.

In films like *Odd Man Out*, *The Fallen Idol* and *The Third Man* he has brought an intellectual dimension to the orthodox thriller. This is largely due to the vivid visual strokes he uses to delineate a character.

There is a penchant for the bizarre in Reed's taste, which delights in trapping the exotic and outlandish on celluloid. The eerie atmosphere of espionage in *Night Train to Munich*, the sultry environment of Conrad's novel, *The Outcast of the*

Islands, the quaint cockney exuberance of *A Kid for Two Farthings*, the spangled vivacity of the circus in *Trapeze*, are subjects which tempt him—sometimes with less than happy results.

His films are like a winding staircase can invent a scene with more drama than a wealth of words. And his wizardry with a sound track needs no better testimony than the haunting zither music of *The Third Man*.

CRAFTSMANSHIP

With his demanding interest in details, his films take a long time in the making. Having completed *The Key*, a tale of tugs and passion, it will probably be close to two years before we see another picture from him.

But at the age of fifty-one, his skill and craftsmanship have made him one of the few living directors whose name alone is enough to send millions scurrying to the cinema.

Sir Laurence Olivier.—A good part of Britain's growing prestige in the film world has been due to the films of Henry V, Hamlet and Richard III. Sir Laurence Olivier single-handed proved that Shakespeare can be excitingly stimulating on the screen as on the stage.

Until Olivier tackled our greatest cultural asset, the Bard had been considered impossible screen material. Hollywood experiments such as *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet* had to be written off as experimental failures.

RARE FEAT

But just after the war, in Olivier's production of *Henry V*, he showed how it could be done. Using the camera to enhance rather than clutter up the poetry, taking advantage of the wide open spaces of the cinema to stage such magnificent spectacles as the charge of horses at Agincourt, he achieved the rare feat of intellectual and exciting film-making.

Hamlet dispensed some of the pedants who would have nothing of this masterpiece cut, snugly

failing to realise that a complete Hamlet would have meant a film over four hours long. But to the less exacting this was an impressive re-creation of a great theatrical experience. Richard III was a superb interpretation of this complex plot of majestic malice.

The Boulting Brothers.—Only their closest friends can tell John and Roy Boulting apart. Only a clairvoyant would be able to pry apart their individual contributions to the films they have made together since they were 25 in 1938.

Remaining staunchly independent, they have pursued a unique, but somewhat erratic, film policy throughout their careers.

PHENOMENON

Their early pictures—*Fame is the Spur*, *Brighton Rock*, *Guinea Pig*—were founded on a hard core of social protest which made them a rare phenomenon indeed among British producers. Even their macabre thriller, *Seven Days to Noon*, tackled so ticklish a subject as the consequences of an atom bomb exploding in London.

But in the past few years they have turned to comedy with a satirical and topical bite.

Private's Progress dared to laugh at the Army, Brothers-in-Law took on the more ludicrous aspects of the Law, *Lucky Jim* made a benevolent swipe at universities. The Foreign Office is the next venerable institution scheduled to have a banana skin slipped under its feet.

With comedy finding itself more and more subdued in an age of increasing conformity, it is heartening to see the two sensitive and adaptable minds of the Boulting Brothers concerned with the business of irreverence.

(London Express Service).

GLOWING

David Lean.—By climbing from the ranks of clapper-boy up through the technical rungs of film production to the role of director, David Lean learned that good films were made in the cutting-room. His pictures have a glowing and articulate visual quality equalled only by Carol Reed.

They have, too, a sentimental tenderness missing from the work of most of his colleagues. The throat-catching power of *Brief Encounter* and the lush enchantment of middle-aged infatuation in *Summer Madness* belied the British reputation for romantic indifference.

Yet in the more rugged environment of masculine courage he showed himself no less affective. The swooning suspense in *The Sound Barrier* and the bitter irony of *The Bridge on the River Kwai* show that his talent has hardened into a flexible and muscular maturity with the years.

For the latter film he won an Oscar as the best director of 1957. This was a timely and fitting tribute to a man who, in spite of occasional failures, has always treated the cinemas as an adult and imaginative medium.

• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

HE is a bold man. Robur et les Triplex Cirque Peche, who comes between a starfish and an oyster. Off Long Island, I read, these two delicacies are at daggers drawn, and divers are trying to separate them.

An oyster, when attacked, usually sits quietly behind the armour of its shell, but the Arcachon tribe often lose their tempers and spit pearls, but I don't think so. The most coddish enemy of the oyster is a little sea-beast who bores holes in the shell and eats the contents. This is described in Professor Nowham-Pawson's "Aspect of the Lamellibranch," with woodcuts by Dame Aradcy Paege, T.L.H. By the way, the Chinese oyster has a double shell, but I don't think so.

He stumbled ashore

NO Channel-swimming exploit ever moves one as much as the sensationalfeat of 1951. Just after I won a man who had come in a motor-boat from France changed into a swimming suit, got overboard, and waded ashore, shouting "I've done it!" He collapsed exhausted on the beach and lay there until an early bather found him. He was given a civic welcome and a lunch by the little port at which he had landed. He gave his name as Barlow, but to this day the sceptical believe that it was Captain Foulough.

... Shall I call thee bird?

THE description is a little odd, "a well-wooded bullet-cocktail cabin" as

THIS is the Gin

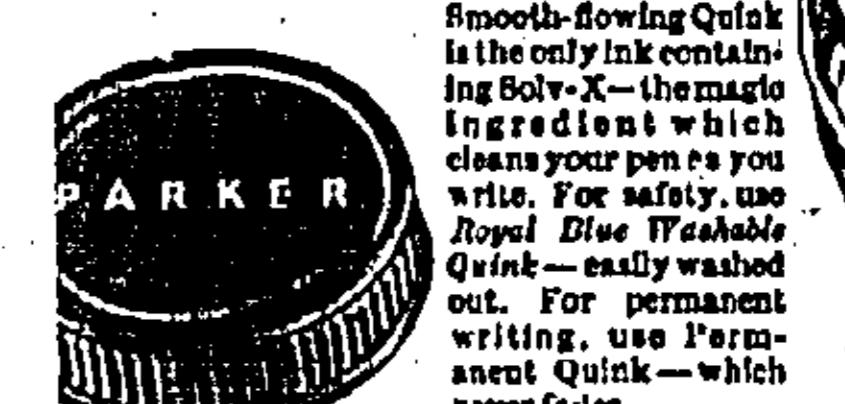


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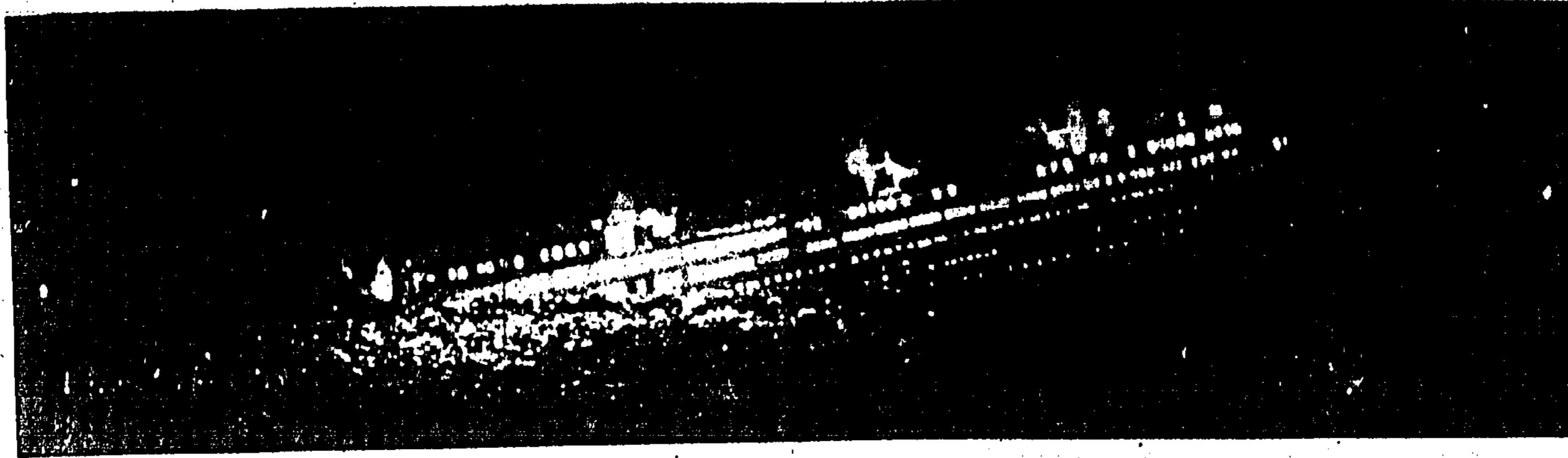
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She Won't Hold Out Much Longer!

LOOKING up from the lifeboat, the "Titanic" seemed the biggest thing in the world. I saw many people hanging over the rail. I distinctly heard music, but I do not remember hearing "Nearer my God to Thee." As we drew away, everything was calm and still, with the reflection of the lights on the water, passengers leaning over the rails....nothing to predict the horror of the next few minutes.

A great deal has been said about the screams in the water. I personally heard none, but many stories have been related about survivors in the water clinging to overcrowded lifeboats and having to be pushed away for fear of the lifeboats being overturned.

After striking out, one of our first thoughts was to look in the boat for a lantern, as we feared another lifeboat might collide with us. We had on board a mate and three young cabin stewards, a number of cabin-class women passengers, seven babies who were separated from their parents, the Turkish bath stewardess, my own room stewardess, and six first-class passengers. I remember that some of them were later very seasick, and the babies were continually screaming and crying. We were lucky to have some men in our boat, as a number had only women, who rowed all night.

Some of the earlier lifeboats had left with few passengers, so reluctant were they to leave the ship; but ours was decided overboard with 16 passengers. It was surely possible to change place for fear of capsizing the boat, and the men couldn't not use the oars properly because of being pressed in by the sides.

All of the seats having been taken some time before I entered the boat, I spent the night sitting on the upright edge of a kind of centreboard, between two oars. All the time they rowed I had to lean alternately towards and backwards, as not to impede them, but with every stroke I was nevertheless caught by an oar, either on my chest or on my back. It was this constant thumping which later caused me to develop neuritis—fulfilling the prophecy of Madame de Thébaud, for I did indeed lose my singing voice for all time, and even my speaking voice was seriously affected for two years. (Fortunately I had just been an amateur singer, although with aspirations.)

Despite the many stars in the sky, it was the bluest night I have ever seen. The male, who was in some sort of command, had found a piece of rope. He said he did not need fire, but he was telling most lies. I asked him if he did not want to smile, we might possibly need the fire matches for a better purpose later on, and bits of burned tobacco flew amongst the inflammable clothing of the women and children, it would be dangerous, but this request was ignored.

The sea was absolutely calm and there were stars out, but the night was so black that we could see the silent foliage and trees when the boat came close upon it, and it was bitterly cold. Against this background of cold "tranquillity" a number of women in the boat had become half hysterical with apprehension over absent husbands and children. The babies fretted and cried all night and I played "La Marseillaise" to calm them, twirling the pig's tail around and around to produce the music. Next day the pig could hardly play, so many times had he been called upon.

The search for a lantern continued for a long time, but we could not find one; nor could we find a compass or food or drinking water, and there were insufficient cans. These things may have seemed rather unimportant to a lifeboat carried by an unsinkable ship.

I now looked towards the starboard light of the "Titanic," shining bright green. I noticed that this light seemed to be getting lower, nearer to the water. We had left the liner at about 1.45 am. At 2.00 am I looked at my wrist-watch. One of the stewards rowing made the remark: "She won't hold out much longer."

I did not realize even then what he meant, but I heard him say to the other steward: "Let's leave it and get away or she may still sink us under!"

Gradually the green starboard light dropped closer to the water. At about two o'clock green rockets were fired from the upper deck of the ship, her very last call for help. At 2.20 I saw the starboard light disappear into the water. The stern of the ship, fully lit, stood up to the sky—suggesting a skyrocket by night, so high and straight did it rise into the air. Then it seemed to shoot down into the water, every light being. There was a second explosion, then a third. Contrary to what the men in our boat had feared, these explosions evidently thrust its further away, as by an invisible hand.

Just before the ship went down there came a huge roar

about 8 a.m. my lifeboat, number 11, drew alongside the "Carpathia." Up to that time the sea had remained absolutely calm, but now a great many whitecaps appeared. We were tossing and rolling. Having left the "Titanic" at about 1.45 am, this made about 6½ hours that I had spent in the lifeboat, but it seemed only an hour.

The first person to leave our boat was a baby boy, who was hoisted up in a canvas sack and the other babies were hoisted aboard in the same way. One little baby struggled madly and did not want to leave at all.

After this, a "Boatwoman's chair" very much like an old-fashioned swing, was lowered for the grown-ups. The women were told to sit on the little wooden seat close to their eyes, and held on tightly to the ropes. Thus we had been hoisted with great speed up and into the "Carpathia." Welcoming hands were stretched out to receive us.

★ ★ ★

The only sense of danger was that the cabin boy, searching for the lantern, crawled over our feet in the overcrowded boat, lighting matches and throwing them half-burned into the bottom of the boat amongst the few blankets. We begged him not to do this as we feared fire. He said he did not need fire, but he was telling most lies. I asked him if he did not want to smile, we might possibly need the fire matches for a better purpose later on, and bits of burned tobacco flew amongst the inflammable clothing of the women and children, it would be dangerous, but this request was ignored.

The sea was absolutely calm and there were stars out, but the night was so black that we could see the silent foliage and trees when the boat came close upon it, and it was bitterly cold. Against this background of cold "tranquillity" a number of women in the boat had become half hysterical with apprehension over absent husbands and children. The babies fretted and cried all night and I played "La Marseillaise" to calm them, twirling the pig's tail around and around to produce the music. Next day the pig could hardly play, so many times had he been called upon.

★ ★ ★

All the time we were in the boat we noticed a distant light which seemed to come from another ship. I found out afterwards it was the "Californian" which had come to our rescue, might conceivably have saved all of us. The official enquiry disclosed that their wireless operator had not received our signal, having gone to bed for this was before the time of round-the-clock radio watches. It also developed later that the "Californian" had tried to signal the "Titanic" by light to see if we were in trouble, but getting no answer from our stricken ship, assumed that we were all right. Not wishing to risk going further through the icefields at night, the "Californian" just stopped where she was. But how she could have sat there and watched our distress rockets without doing anything will remain a mystery.

Finally that intense cold which precedes dawn, settled on the water. Only those who have stood in cold water of any kind can realize the peculiarly penetrating chillness of the half-hour that divides night from morning. In searching for extra clothing for one of the stewardesses, I noticed a small metal box which she had carried everywhere with her since she was involved in a motor accident, and which she managed to save when she left the "Olympic."



MR. WILLIAM MacQuillan, producer of the Pinewood production "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER," with Miss Edith Russell with the pig mascot-box mascot which she has carried everywhere with her since she was involved in a motor accident, and which she managed to save when she left the "Olympic."

to the info news, and were it not for this, he would not have picked up the S.O.S. from the "Titanic."

At about 11 o'clock on Monday evening, our first night aboard the "Carpathia," there were three blinding flashes of lightning, followed by thunderclaps of such deafening intensity that a number of us from the "Titanic" dashed out on deck.

We were still very much on our nerves, and supposed we felt that perhaps we had escaped and decided to run into a greater one. Instead of which, the "Carpathia" simply ran into a dense fog, and the monotonous wailing of her, for signals did not cease from them on until we were alongside the pier in New York on Thursday night, April 10, after 10 p.m.

It is no exaggeration to say that with 711 of us added to her own company of crew and passengers, this ship was fully loaded. "Carpathia" passengers unselfishly gave up their twin cabins for the most earlons cases among the survivors, but most of us willingly bedded down as best we could, on drawing room sofa and even as in my own case on dining room tables.

Meanwhile, many of the survivors, buoyed up by false hopes about the safety of their friends and relatives, showed energy and activity. Meetings were held and readings passed. A number of these have since borne fruit such as those concerning the launching of lifeboats and the creation of ice patrols to warn ships of icebergs.

★ ★ ★

Many anecdotes were told by survivors. A Mr. Speedie, disturbed by the "New York," indicated as the "Titanic" was leaving Southampton, had made his own inspection of safety devices on board and had observed that there were only 10 lifeboats and 4 collapsible boats, enough for about one-third of the ship's total carrying capacity. He had said to his family: "If anything goes wrong, let us all five stick together." They did, and were saved together.

A Monsieur Rheihs, an importer from Paris, told how before jumping from the ship, he had embraced and said good-bye to his brother-in-law, knowing that the latter could not swim and fearing that they would never see each other again.

We learned from him that he had intercepted the call for help from the "Titanic" and his dramatic awakening of Captain Rostrom who brought the ship to our rescue. Mr. Cottam was in the habit of staying up to listen

all night, literally half-submerged in the water.

Among them there had been a young woman, thought to have been a Miss Evans from Boston, who had given up her place to a mother and child. She stood upright, as was necessary, as long as she could. Finally she said to M. Rheihs: "I cannot stand any longer. I just must sit down." He told her: "We have to stand to balance the boat or we will drown." She stood a little longer till body became closer until finally she was submerged. She lay dead at his feet for some time, then a wave carried her body out of the boat to the open sea. There was nothing we could do to recover her with

but upturn the boat.

When M. Rheihs was brought aboard the "Carpathia," he could think only of this courageous and unfortunate young woman, although his own suffering had been considerable and his legs were frozen.

★ ★ ★

After all these years, the memory of the grief of so many brings tears to my eyes. The stories told on the "Carpathia" showed how little the full danger had been realized. One lady who had broken her arm a few hours before the tragedy, had her jewel box with her as she was about to get into a lifeboat. She turned to her husband and gave him the box, saying: "It's not risky for me to enter this with my broken arm. You keep it safe during the time I am saving you." We had all been told by the officers that we would all meet in the morning at breakfast.

Another lady who had given her jewels to her maid about to leave in a lifeboat said: "No, they are safer with me on the ship." Senator Clark's son was with his wife on their wedding trip. Mrs. Clark asked him to go back to their stateroom to get her pearl necklace that had been given to her as a wedding present. She never saw her husband and son at breakfast.

★ ★ ★

Up to that time, we had not given up hope that the "Californian" or some other vessel might have picked up many of those who had to remain aboard the sinking ship.

Once alongside the White Star pier, we were told upon leaving the ship to go immediately to the pannions where the initials of our surnames were displayed. I went straight to "R" and looked around.

I shall never forget that pier. There were thousands of people there, but not a sound—only infinite silence—a silence of death. There was no one waiting for me. Did my family really think I was dead? I waited some 10 minutes by the letter "R" and then, not being able to stand the suspense any longer, ran back towards the gangway. There I found my family! There had been conflicting reports. In some places had been reported as many as 1,000 officers and sailors. My family missed me, as they did not recognize me. I had always been such a fashion plate, and in my long fur coat and wool cap, I was almost disguised.

★ ★ ★

The quiet of the scene was broken by cries and sobs. Many mothers and fathers were in tears. Apparently in the pier, expected that a number of wives would have to be carried off the "Carpathia" on stretchers, but nearly all of those who had been saved were able to walk down the gangway. It is difficult to describe the cruel intensity of that spectacle—the huge but quiet pier, the crying and sobbing among those who had come to meet the ones they loved, tattered up by a hope to live, a hope that was not to be fulfilled.

The late Colonel Archibald Gracie came to me on board the "Carpathia" and said: "Mrs. J. C. Smith had jumped off the ship at the last moment, but he never saw Mr. Smith after striking the water. He told me he had lost his little girl a year before, crushed in a lift accident in Paris. "My manuscript," he added, "has gone down with the ship. I am too stunned to get over this. I shall write a story of the "Titanic" and then I shall fold my arms on my chest and die." He wrote a very good book on the "Titanic" disaster and within a year he died.

★ ★ ★

The rapidity and unexpectedness of the end of the "Titanic" may account for the absence of panic. The ship was so long, too, that it was not very apparent to us, why back where the last lifeboats were being loaded, the bow had already sunk far into the water. Moreover, the Captain, officers and crew were magnificient. They eventually realized the gravity of the situation, and they willingly sacrificed their lives to enable the few of us to survive and to keep those who remained on board in a calm frame of mind. Incidentally, this was to have been Captain Smith's last voyage before retirement.

★ ★ ★

Speaking of being towed to Halifax, while I was playing the music to calm the children, I was constantly sending out a telepathic message to my father to insure my luggage. This was not through any amateur intent on my part, but I was very much concerned because the clothes I was bringing back from Paris belonged mostly to clients in the States, and I was motivated by my obligation to them.

★ ★ ★

Strangely enough, at that same time my father was cutting the paper to make a magazine of our home in Long Island. He was reading to bed and was cutting the pages with a knife given to him by Captain Smith on the "Olympic," the previous year. The blade flew off and he turned to my mother and said: "It's queer, but I am getting odd messages from Edith, telling me to insure her luggage. She seems to be in trouble." My mother answered: "Don't be silly. She's all right." But my father could not sleep. He waited until the next day, the newspaper being turned out to our porch, as they do in country places, and when he saw the headline: "TITANIC STRUCK AN ICEBERG, SINKING WITH 1,500 PERSONS," he rushed up to my mother, who said: "Oh, well, she'll get to see

you must remember to pay your debts," to which I answered: "Why mother, you know it took three years of my life to pay my debts after the "Titanic." I always pay my debts." "I don't think that," she said. "Because you have been in so many extraordinary accidents and have always been spared, you owe a great debt and each day of your life you should do a kindness to a person or an animal, to show your gratitude." I have tried for years to follow this advice.

★ ★ ★

A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The Titanic
By Edith L. Russell

During the rest of the voyage in the "Carpathia" the discomforts of overcrowding were more than balanced by the wonderful kindness of everyone on board. It was soon over anyway, and on Thursday as we crept up New York harbour in the heavy fog, the "Carpathia" was surrounded by hundreds of newsmen and photographers. These new arrivals roared at an arm's length, shouting to pay high prices to any survivors who could produce written accounts or photographs of the disaster, urging us to throw them overboard in bottles. Captain Rostrom, ever solicitous of our welfare and feelings, became angry with them; in fact I heard him shout through a megaphone: "Get the women and any one of them who tried to come aboard! (Fortunately he did not have to make good this threat.)

Then came rumours of disaster, but he told me later that on leaving his broker's office, he stood a little while and said to me: "I have every confidence in the "Carpathia." The broker, a man of means, was very angry with him, but he could not stand the heat of the crowd, and finally he was submerged. He stood a little longer till body became closer until finally she was submerged. She lay dead at his feet for some time, then a wave carried her body out of the boat to the open sea. There was nothing we could do to recover her with

but upturn the boat.

The individual stories were as varied as life itself. Lady Duff Gordon, of dress fame, was safe on the "Carpathia" with her husband, but he had lost her entire collection of French dresses which she was taking to America. Mrs. Jacques Futrelle, the novelist, was one of the most pathetic cases. "The "Carpathia," she said, "Jacques and I were childhood sweethearts. We married when he was 20 and I was 18. We have had 18 years of complete happiness. My forte is writing love stories. How can I continue writing romances when the only real romance I have ever had in my life lies at the bottom of the sea?"

Mrs. Isidor Strauss would not leave the ship and stayed on board with him. The "unsinkable" Mrs. Brown, as she was later called, was very busy aboard the "Carpathia" getting up resolutions. Mrs. Brown had made history in Denver when, as a miner's wife, she put \$500 dollars in a store for safekeeping, forgot about it and then started a fire to warm the place. Major Pouchon, of Toronto, and Mrs. Astor, then pregnant, had rowed a lifeboat all night long. Colonel Astor had remained on the boat with his wife and their two children, who were living by voyaging on big ships and playing cards, and among shoes saved, ironically, in a woman's clothing by his mother, was saved.

Up to that time, we had not given up hope that the "Californian" or some other vessel might have picked up many of those who had to remain aboard the sinking ship.

Once alongside the White Star pier, we were told upon leaving the ship to go immediately to the pannions where the initials of our surnames were displayed. I went straight to "R" and looked around.

I shall never forget that pier. There were thousands of people there, but not a sound—only infinite silence—a silence of death. There was no one waiting for me. Did my family really think I was dead? I waited some 10 minutes by the letter "R" and then, not being able to stand the suspense any longer, ran back towards the gangway. There I found my family! There had been conflicting reports. In some places had been reported as many as 1,000 officers and sailors. My family missed me, as they did not recognize me. I had always been such a fashion plate, and in my long fur coat and wool cap, I was almost disguised.

★ ★ ★

The quiet of the scene was broken by cries and sobs. Many mothers and fathers were in tears. The tragedy of the "Titanic" had remained with me, as it will to my last day. Had it not been for my promise to my mother never to be separated from the toy pig, however, I would not have been the next-to-last passenger in the last lifeboat of the "Titanic."

FOOTNOTE.—
Various figures on the number of passengers and crew who sailed on the "TITANIC" and lost numbers lost and saved have been given from time to time. I indicate the following supplied me by the United States Lines:

Crew 800
Total 1,316

Passengers saved 100
Crew saved 100
Total survivors 716

Passenger lost 1,217
Crew lost 1,206
Total loss of life 1,313

THE END

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

• • • • NO FEARFUL CRIES... NO BATTLE-AXE OF A NURSE TO BLAST THE EARLY MORNING PEACE • • • •

IT'S THE LIFE FOR ME

Veronica
Papworth
reports on
3 weeks
of bliss

EVER since I was old enough to open my mouth and say "Ah-h-h" the medical world has been after my tonsils.

Well they have them now — and the best of luck to them.

Me? I've swopped them for something I've wanted for years and never until now achieved — three weeks of blissful, idle, self-indulgent nothingness.

For me, a visit to the hospital has always had an end product.

Never before have I left without a scarlet-faced cocoon in a shawl and my fingers crossed: "Oh Lord, let all be peace until feeding time."

Tonsils are undeniably different. No fearful cries awake one at dawn.

No battle-axe of a sister (scarlet-faced scrap under one arm) blasts the peace of the early morning with glad cries of "Come on mother — somebody else wants his early morning cuppa."

The most a tonsillectomy has to cope with is a gentle inquiry — "Do you take sugar?"

GAY, GIGGLY

From the first snip I knew that all would be well. Yes "snip" — I mean my tonsils under a local anaesthetic.

I sat in the thigh and I felt as if I'd landed in the middle of a champagne party — gay, giggly, and terribly keen to concentrate, if only it hadn't been quite so much trouble.

My long white operating socks were killing me and I knew all that was going on but I couldn't be bothered to worry.

That was the start of a wonderful week.

Always before I've found myself caught up in the mad whirl of hospital routine.

Always I've marvelled that I was strong enough to stand it.

The angels who have ministered to me have been hell-bent on doing their duty — walking me up to ask me if I need a sleeping pill; cross-questioning me about my interests and nothing down the answers with such furious care that I have had no doubt they will be used in evidence against me.

Not so this time. Like a landed fish I had been caught, dealt with and left to lie.

Daytimes there were books, letters, visitors, and cat-naps in between.

But with supper at six and breakfast at eight there were 24 long night hours to fill.

With an empty stomach and a busy mind I spent them five-thirty? I wondered.

Ladies, Did You Know That...

1,422,100 TONS of canned food was eaten in Britain last year...

★ Fish, meat, and vegetables keep perfectly fresh in an opened can...

★ BUT fruit juice may go cloudy...

★ The first canning factory in the world was opened in Bermondsey in 1812...

WE'RE in the middle of a spaghetti-eating boom. Sales of canned spaghetti have gone up 50 per cent in the last four years. Now this month are tinned spaghetti bolognese (in minced beef, tomato, mushroom, and grated cheese sauce) and spaghetti mania (in tomato, onion, and bacon sauce). . . .

★ Dentist cans are safe to use but bulging cans should be thrown away...

Anne
Glidewell



PICTURE BY ROY ROUND

writing stories in my head; rearranging the furniture; hanging out of the window; counting the stars; contemplating; doing a trip down the corridor to read the cards on other people's flowers ("Get well soon, dear Adele"); fixing a fitting to the bed-table to bring it nearer with less effort; varnishing my toe-nails; considering emigration; watching the mysterious shadows in the operating theatre opposite; looking for the first streaks of dawn coming up; and listening for the first clatter of the teacups.

For years I've been sleeping away two of the happiest hours of the day.

My children, tip-toeing in, saucer-eyed, as children always do when there's illness around, have swiftly forgotten my convalescence — falling upon the

grapes, wrestling among themselves, bouncing on the bed and looking down my throat with a huge torch.

"Not much of a scar, but he's done a bit of cross-stitching."

My three-year-old came to keep me company. With two

ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU PURR

They call them Cat Suits — snug fitting and in brilliant colors they are tipped as next winter's warmest fashion. Wear them at home for all informal entertaining. Wear them with a bikini skirt or all outdoor sports. Could anything be cozier?

The one-piece suit in wool jersey (left), costs 89s. 6d. The bikini — tight-fitting like a second skin from the waist to the tips of the toes — are only 39s. 6d.

Such a splendid way to stop smoking

thirds of an old trout rod he "fished" off my bedroom balcony on to the stone-flagged path below.

With brief retreats for refreshments he stayed there all morning.

The next day he took up his position again — patiently fishing.

I could bear it no longer.

Disobeying doctor's orders I slipped downstairs, raided the refrigerator, and, very gently, I hooked a smoked haddock on his line.

I was back in time to see his face — doubtful at first, then radiant — as he reeled it in.

"Look — a fresh garden sparrow."

Very carefully he dismantled his battered old rod.

That kind of thing can't happen twice, and he knew it.

"It's glorious being home," I said to my older son. "If I stay here much longer I won't want to go back to work."

"I think you'd better," said he thoughtfully — "it's been super having you, but, well, you have been a bit to a 'te.'

I hope I can take a hint.

So I'm back — lighter because swallowing has been a bit difficult; no longer smoking, because I just don't want to.

I've only one regret.

I wish I'd had one tonsil out and kept the other up my sleeve, so to speak.

I can never have these three lazy weeks again — and oh, how I've revelled in them.

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your personal wash!

EXTRA WEAR, EASIER IRONING WITH LINIT STARCH

Linit's pure starch crystals when mixed with hot water penetrate fabrics evenly — restore that "like-new" look. Now your cottons actually feel crisper, look fresher... thanks to the exclusive penetrating action of Linit Starch. Even your most delicate fabrics iron easier, faster — with no white streaks or dulled colors.



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look
lovelier
longer!

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Jean Patou

HER SECRET ARM...

Now on sale at all Dispensaries, Perfume Counters and Department Stores.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27

BORN today, you are the perennial optimist. You are always looking on the bright side of things. Everything may be dreadful today, but tomorrow something will happen to make things all right again. This does not mean that you always accept things as they are. You are a reverend type of star and can have no qualms about commenting on things you don't like. But in making your criticism, you usually have a good suggestion on how to correct the error. If no one sees fit to follow through with your suggestion, the chances are you will get into action and do the job yourself.

Your emotions are near the surface and you have a high temper which you must never permit to run out of control. Something may go wrong and you can destroy, in an instant, something for which you have been working for many years. For one who is so quick to criticise others, you are especially susceptible to criticism when levelled against your own self. Learn to "take it" as well as handing it out!

You women are especially attractive to members of the opposite sex and will have countless admirers. Don't accept the first offer of marriage, for you might discover it was temporary infatuation. This does not mean that you always accept things as they are. You are a reverend type of star and can have no qualms about commenting on things you don't like. But in making your criticism, you usually have a good suggestion on how to correct the error. If no one sees fit to follow through with your suggestion, the chances are you will get into action and do the job yourself.

Among those born on this date were: Thomas Nast, political cartoonist and illustrator; Margaret Sangster, author and poet; Samuel Adams, leader in the American Revolution; and George Wharton James, explorer and author.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28

BORN today, the stars have given you exceptional talents in the realm of the creative arts. It will depend upon whether you develop your literary, musical or dramatic talent. The final outcome of your career will probably utilise all three areas of expression, but you will be able to concentrate on one of them for the best possible fame and success.

You have a sympathetic and sensitive nature. Your personality attracts people to you and your sympathy and understanding holds them as friends throughout your lifetime. Your intuitions are sharp and there are times when you appear to be almost psychic in being able to pre-judge the future. If you learn to utilise this special gift wisely, you can benefit considerably. There is a wide difference between obeying wild impulse and heading the still, small voice of intuition. The former can catapult you into trouble, the latter, help keep you out!

You will probably learn that experience is the best teacher, for your life probably will not be an easy one. Yet through each setback you will learn something that will put you on the road to a bigger and better success. You will do your best work when you are your own boss. You are not happy when under the restraints of direction by another. You must have free hand to work as you like it is "forever."

Among those born on this date were: Frances E. Willard, educator and temperance reformer; Henry Mitchell Mendenhall, educator; Kate Douglass Whalen, author; and Esther Ries, dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—Now, if you need to secure additional help at the office, consider whom you want but do persevere tomorrow.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—TAURUS (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Take time to think things out clearly. You may become restless regarding future plans. Much better to be patient.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—GEMINI (June 22-July 21)—You may not find it easy today to make an apology for a recent burst of temper, but you can always try.

CANCER (July 22-Aug. 10)—Cancer could do some of that home repair today. It's a good time for handling all kinds of tools.

LEO (Aug. 21-Sept. 19)—A dry day for holding your temper and staying calm, no matter how irritatingly slow things seem to be.

VIRGO (Sept. 20-Oct. 18)—VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 22)—A fine day for mulling over new ideas and, if you can, get them started. Be enterprising and of good cheer.

PISCES (Feb. 19-Mar. 20)—PISCES (Mar. 20-Apr. 18)—Green lights for you on almost anything you wish to begin.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Don't let your pride get under your feet. A prompt beginning is now indicated.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)—SAGITTARIUS (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Be exceptionally courageous in money matters. Don't get nervous easier. This can turn out to be a day for increased benefits.

CAPRICORN (Jan. 20-Feb. 17)—CAPRICORN (Feb. 18-Mar. 17)—Better not to seek legal advice on a matter, today, until you have tried everything else.

AQUARIUS (Mar. 18-Apr. 15)—AQUARIUS (Apr. 16-May. 13)—Take the initiative in inaugurating new procedures and you should be amply successful now.

PIRCE (Apr. 16-May. 13)—PIRCE (May 14-Jun. 21)—If you have money owing to you, this is the day you should make serious effort to collect.

TAURUS (Oct. 21-Mar. 19)—TAURUS (Mar. 20-Apr. 17)—Green lights for you on almost anything you wish to begin. If you were hasty and spoke out any project, take the initiative in mending your fences. But try



ABOVE: The new Jockey Club Government School in Wood Road was opened by Lady Black on Thursday. She is soon being introduced to the Headmaster of the A.M. school, Mr K. C. Chan by the Hon. R. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education. In background is Mr J. E. Marsh, the architect, and Mr D. Benson, Chairman of the Stewards of the Jockey Club.

★

LEFT: The Life Guard Club gave a dinner in honour of their President, Mr Fung Ping-fan, at the Golden Restaurant on Monday. Mr Fung is seen making a speech. Flanking him are Mr C. G. M. Morrison (left) and Mr N. C. Chan.



ABOVE: A descendant of Confucius (77th generation), Mr Kung Tak-ching, who passed through Hongkong this week, is greeted by friends at Kai Tak Airport. Mr Kung was on his way to Vietnam to give a series of talks on the philosophy of his famous ancestor.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs George Kam after their wedding at St Margaret's Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Chung Chi-yung.



ABOVE: The Bishop of the Philippines, Rt. Rev. Lyman C. Ogilby, administered the rite of confirmation to Service people in Victoria Garrison Church last Sunday. He is seen (fifth from left) with Service Chaplains and Church Wardens of the Church.

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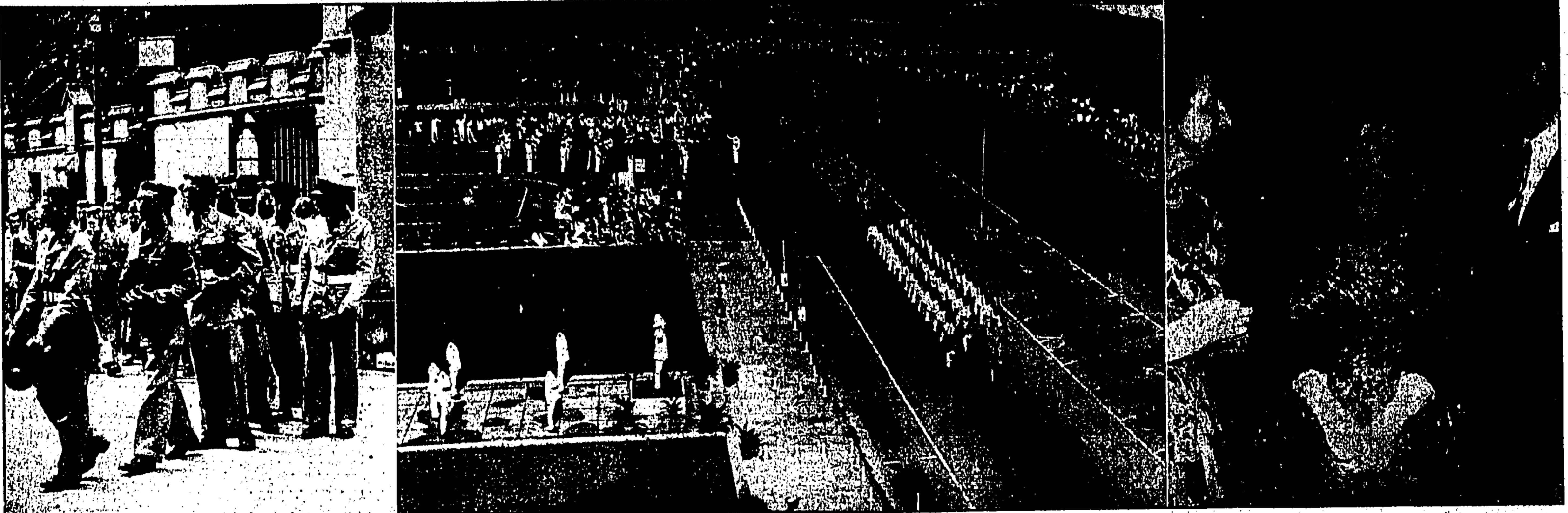
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The Battle of Britain was remembered in Hongkong last Sunday with church services, a parade and other functions. More than 300 members of the Royal Air Force and the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force took part in the parade at which H.E. the Governor took the salute (above). Lady Black (above right) attended a cocktail party at the Hongkong Jockey Club on Friday, and is seen chatting with Commodore P. D. Holder and Mrs H. A. S. Disney. The picture on the left shows some RAF personnel filing into St John's Cathedral on Sunday for the commemoration service.

★ ★ ★

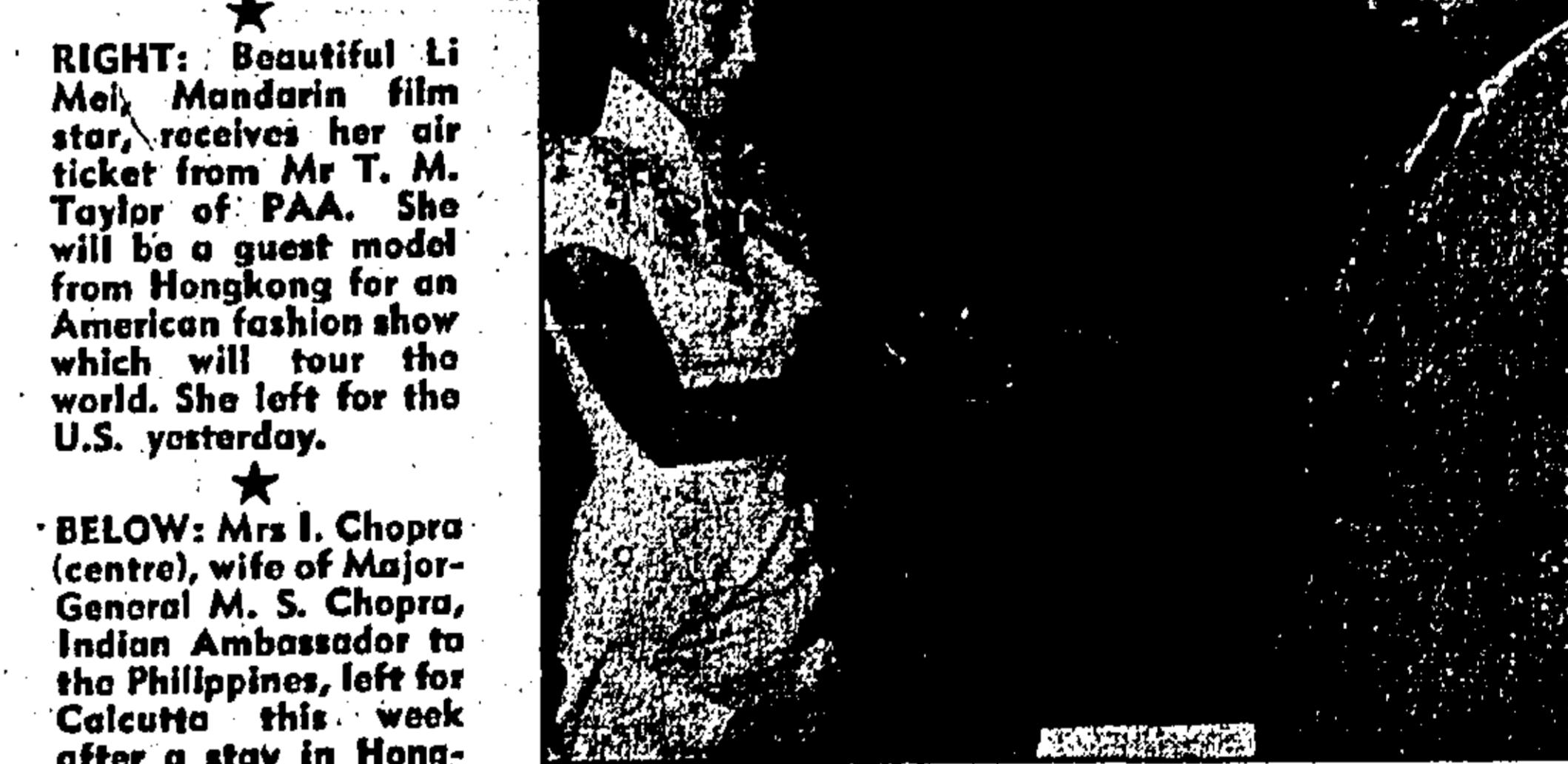


ABOVE: Policemen, helmeted and fully armed, move forward to quell trouble in a simulated incident on Tuesday when they carried out a full-scale general internal security exercise in conjunction with the military. On the left are seen soldiers on guard at a transport depot in Hongkong.

RIGHT: A party of Navy and Army personnel visited three centres of the Society for the Protection of Children last Friday. Pictured are Commander J. N. Humphreys, Mrs G. D. A. Gregory (Chairman of the Women's Auxiliary of the Society) and Mrs Violet Chan (back to camera).



ABOVE: Mrs. D. R. Holmes cuts the ribbon to open the new pier at Tap Mun Island, New Territories, on Wednesday. A new school was also opened there on the same day.



RIGHT: Beautiful Li Mei, Mandarin film star, receives her air ticket from Mr. T. M. Taylor of PAA. She will be a guest model from Hongkong for an American fashion show which will tour the world. She left for the U.S. yesterday.

BELOW: Mrs I. Chopra (centre), wife of Major-General M. S. Chopra, Indian Ambassador to the Philippines, left for Calcutta this week after a stay in Hongkong. Pictured (l-r) are Maj.-Gen. Chopra, Mrs R. N. Kaul, Mrs Chopra, and Mr R. N. Kaul, District manager of Air India International.

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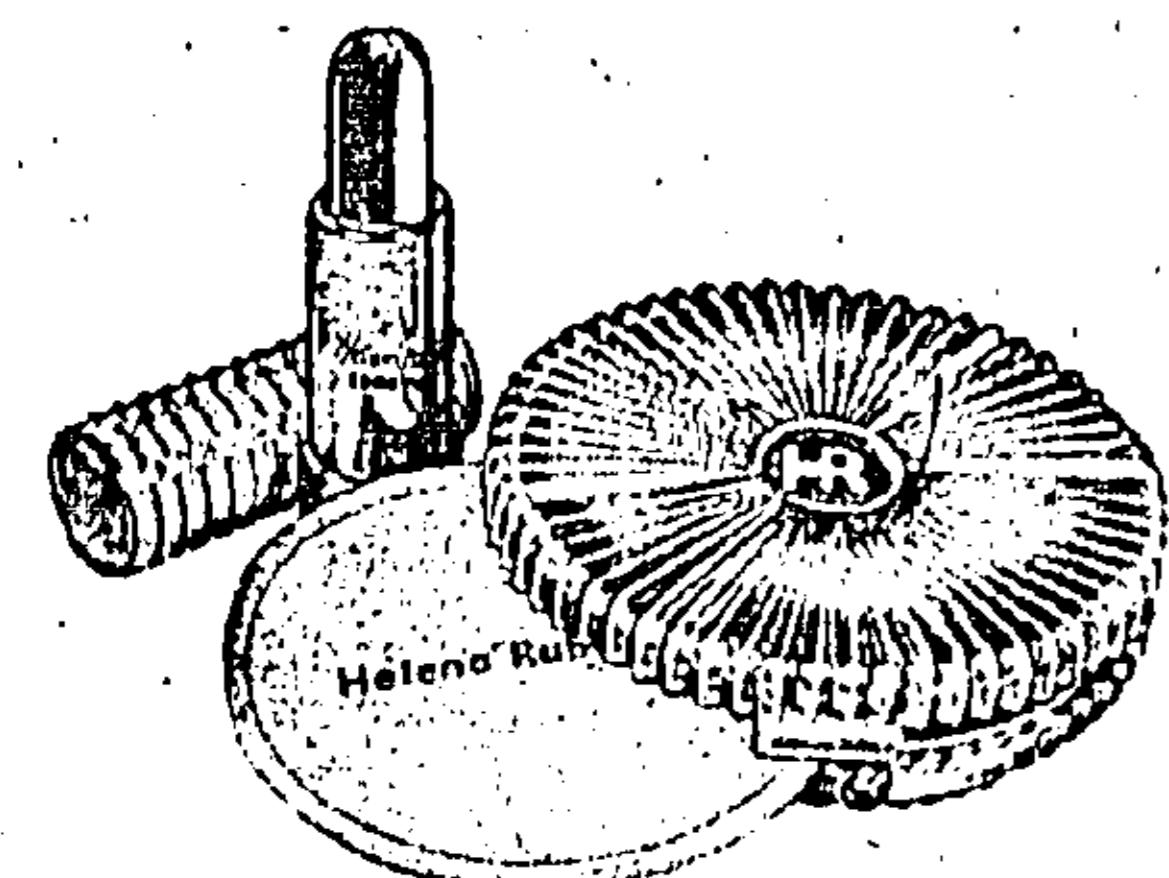
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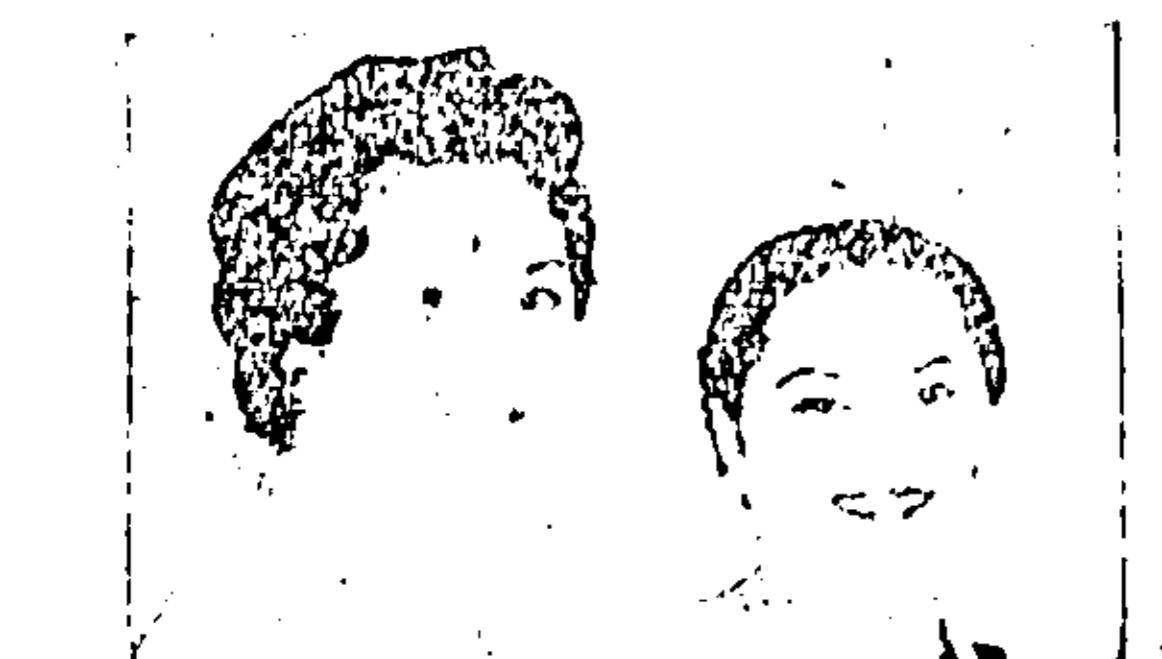


Helena Rubinstein creates
**SILK
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This glamorous combination make-up is Real silk Face Powder in a special silk-tone base — you're pretty in a minute. Lipstick in glowing Red, the latest colour of 1958.



"On my tour around the world I visited the best beauty houses and I find Salon d'OR first-class in every respect. Helena Rubinstein is the exclusive beauty preparation I use," said Shakuntala Devi, world famous Indian mathematical magician.



Photograph of Miss Shakuntala Devi and Miss Diana Ma taken at

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227A

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

The Push-Button Kitchen—It's Nearly Here

JOCASTA INNES TAKES A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE

IMAGINE the carefree days of cooking for a dinner-party in the push-button kitchen of the future.

The place looks something mid-way between an operating theatre and a control tower. The walls are lined with cabinets. You notice these have no handles—the doors are operated by an electric eye.

Somewhere in this gleaming nest of chromium, glass and laminated plastic preparations for a three-course meal are going on: environs is chilling, the turkey is basting, vegetables are simmering, a soufflé is rising to perfection.

But none of this is actually visible. In the kitchen-of-tomorrow the cordial business of cooking is kept out of sight.

Somewhere else in the house the hostess is sitting with a Martini and a serene expression. No apron, rubber gloves, clock-watching or last-minute rush for her.

Excuse Me....

It is all done by a portable remote control panel which this hostess, being a conscientious girl, keeps on the table beside her.

At zero hour a green light flashes on the control panel and, inquiring "Excuse me for a second," the hostess glides out of the room. Dinner, believe it or not, is ready.

Futuristic nonsense? Perhaps. But it is not as crazy as it sounds. Electricity has advanced a long way since the time of Faraday. Acting on the principle that time is made for man and not the other way round, manufacturers are falling over themselves to concoct gadgets that cut down the time the 1958 housewife needs to spend in her kitchen.

Remote control is still a thing of the future. But thermostatic control is becoming an established feature of up-to-date kitchen equipment.

No Dirt

The latest cookers are all thermostatically controlled—which means that by setting a

couple of switches a housewife can spend the morning at a dinner-party knowing that lunch will be ready to serve when she gets back. It does not matter if she is late—because the cooker turns off automatically.

An added attraction in some of the newest models, the plates are sealed to the hob, preventing dirt and splashes from getting underneath.

Incorporating a small pump, standard equipment in most kitchens these days. But for those whose budget will not stretch to the full works there is an up-to-date version of the wash-boiler coming on the market in October.

Somehow in this gleaming nest of chromium, glass and laminated plastic preparations for a three-course meal are going on: environs is chilling, the turkey is basting, vegetables are simmering, a soufflé is rising to perfection.

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tomorrow the cordial business of cooking is kept out of sight.

Places range from £20 rather more for the do-lux model which can be used to fan air into the kitchen as well as chase smells out.

Faster

In the smaller electric-gadget range—and worry-savers such as the pop-up toaster, and heat-controlled irons are now established favourites.

But there is news in this range too. Electric kettles, for instance, now heat water faster than ever— one of the new models will boil three pints of water in 30 seconds.

Bachelor-flat cooks have not been forgotten. Electric fry-pans, element in the base and temperature control in the handle, can take care of a complete meal, and use less space than a typewriter.

—(London Express Service).

Do It Yourself Wine costs 2d. a bottle—if you make it at home

By EILEEN ASCROFT

THIS new do-it-yourself craze is making wine. Housewives' clubs are finding it an absorbing hobby and young couples a cheap way of entertaining. TV compressor Derek Bond tells me he has huge success with his elderberry wine. "Each bottle works out at about 2d," he says. "It has the fizz and dance of champagne, with a different taste. And it is really very potent."

Here is Derek's recipe: Mash 10oz sugar and the berries, off eight or nine heads of elderberry together in a large mixing bowl with a wooden spoon.

Add two dessertspoons white vinegar, a thin peel of lemon and top up with water to make five pints. Cover and leave to stand for 30 hours.

"I do my straining through a nylon or silk stocking," advises Derek, "then bottle my wine in lemonade bottles with a strong screw cap. Keep it for at least a fortnight and put in the fridge 24 hours before serving."

He has tried the same recipe with grapes. "Very good, though one bottle did blow up." Next experiment will be blackberries.

Young beauty

LAST year British women spent £61,000,000 on cosmetics and perfume. According to this survey that means almost £23 for every woman over 14.

Most important trend was the greatly increased use of beauty aids by teenagers.

To help cautious mothers I consulted a beauty expert about do's and don'ts for the young girl. This is her advice:

★ DO let a girl of 14 use a flat of powder and a pale pink lipstick for out-of-school hours. And polish her nails with a buffer. Also a light cream if her skin is dry, and a flower perfume.

★ DO NOT encourage eye makeup or nail varnish until she leaves school. These are sophisticated touches that can wait till later.

—(London Express Service).

MISS G. B. (1953 VINTAGE) SHOWS ME HER £300 BIKINI

By ANNE SHARPEY

YOU would think the poor girls who have teetered so barely and so bravely along those narrow gangplanks that seem such an essential part of beauty contests could have a rest, now that the summer is over. Not a bit of it. This is when they start their training for next year.

Now is the time for them to turn on the ultra-violet lamps to keep that tan tuned up. To take evening lessons and intelligent tests, some of a certain boring (and hypocritical) trend among judges to insist on mental dimension as well as physical.

To consider dyeing their hair or changing their name. And most importantly to study up all last year's contests, and plot victories for next summer.

Miss World?

It is no less than strategy deciding whether to aim for Miss Blighty, Shoreham's Floral Queen, Miss Mambo, or, in drawn breath, "tummy 'over flatter" to aim for MISS WORLD.

And because you can find an expert to teach ya anything these days—they can take a beauty contest course.

Running the course, she believes it is the only one in Britain, in none other than Aileen Chase, Miss Great Britain 1953.

Understandably, since if you have won 68 different beauty contests you must have convinced everyone you are beautiful. Miss Chase is very plump. She also has two sons and a shrewd inside.

Prizes Up

Diane was 16, she was a shop assistant, but very anxious to get ahead in life. Hazel was partly Dutch and partly Irish. There were lots more contestants than when she (Miss Chase) was Miss Great Britain, and the money prizes had doubled; they could all get something if they took notice of what she said.

There was more to beauty contests than just beauty. Judges for instance. Women judges could not stand a really sexy girl, a girl to walk on a panel where there were more women than men must play it sweet and simple.

JERSEY WITH PATTERNED BORDERS

MATERIALS:

5th Row: * K. 1 B., 5 W. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

6th Row: * P. 1 B., 5 W. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

7th Row: K. W.

8th Row: P. W. Break off B. iron * to last st., 1 B.

9th Row: * P. 1 B., 5 W. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

10th Row: K. W.

11th Row: * K. 2 B., 3 W. 1 B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

12th Row: * P. 2 B., 3 W. 1 B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

13th Row: * K. 3 B., 1 W., 2 B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

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59th Row: * P. 2 B., 3 W., 1 B. Rep. from * to last st., 1 B.

60th Row: K. W.

61st

ELVIS PRESLEY — IN THE ARMY — TELLS HOLLYWOOD REPORTER MICHAEL RUDDY

I'M SURE MISSING MY CADILLACS!

WHEN I saw Elvis Presley's latest film, "King Creole"—in my opinion, his best film yet—his manager, Tom Parker, Presley and I dined together as the neon lights glittered in the celluloid city.

There wasn't a moment while we talked when some lovely girl was not looking admiringly over at the dark, shoulder-eyled Elvis. But the singer was troubled; he gave even the prettiest of the girls not a second glance.

And when I asked him why, he mumbled ruminatively: "I'm sure missing a heck of a lot of things."

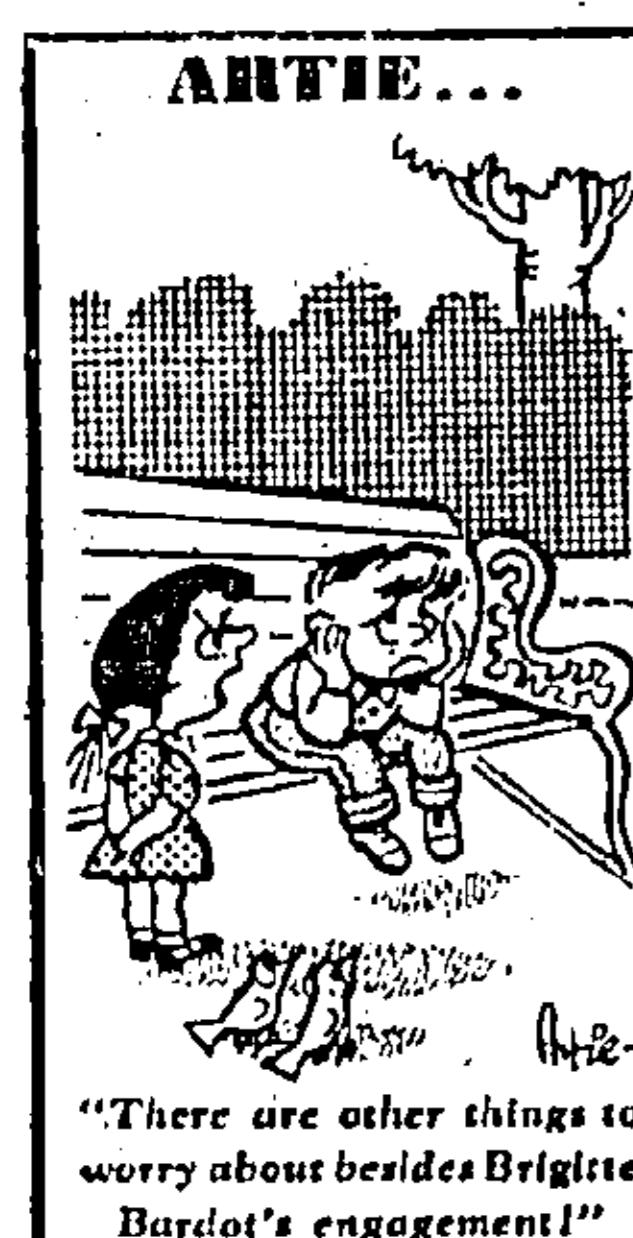
I told it sounded as if he wasn't exactly relishing the prospect of his Army life which started at Memphis. Elvis nodded.

It wasn't that he objected to the Army, he declared flatly. Whatever the drill sergeant wanted to hand out, he could take. No—it was his way of life he was missing.

"I'm missing my family," he explained. "And my friends, my professional work... and, yes, I guess I must admit it, I'm missing my Cadillacs!"

The fact is, though, Elvis honestly enjoys singing, entertaining people, letting his heart go in a frenzied song. The Beat really means something to him. Whenever there's music with rhythm in the air, Elvis is there singing, swaying to the beat and strumming his guitar. Rock 'n' Roll makes his blood run fast... and, for fun, there's beating bongos.

Like most Southerners, he has a natural love of singing. "You know," he said, "I learned a great deal studying Elizabethan madrigals. Yeah, they're interesting, you know. And you, they were. And he went on: "I listened a lot, too, to Bing Cros-



Who can play de Maupassant?

FILM PREVIEW by GERARD GARRETT

THE life of Guy de Maupassant—the Frenchman famous for his short stories and his even shorter love affairs—is to be brought to the screen by two of our own film-makers.

José Somlo and Sergei Nolbandov (who produced "The Kidnappers") are at the moment keenly engaged in biographies of the master in a Piccadilly office.

France has failed to produce such a film. "The French don't make pictures about their heroes," said Mr Nolbandov. "They let the Americans do it for them."

On this occasion Britain will take a hand.

GREAT LOVER

So spectacular a subject is to go for a spectacular treatment. The film, to be shot in France and a British studio, will cost at least £500,000. And it will introduce such well-known literary figures as Zola, Flaubert, Turgenev and un-American Henry James.

It will also cover Maupassant's short visit to England where he loathed our food and care whether.

That sequence will cause the filmmakers little trouble. Neither has changed much.

Mrs Somlo and Nolbandov are now trying to think who they can get to play de Maupassant—such a tough, fiery, ugly, little romantic who except women only too literally off their feet.

A magnificent stallion of a man glorying in his prowess as a lover," said Mr Nolbandov enthusingly.

I tried hard to think of a British actor who would fit the description—and failed. "We may have to choose an American," said Mr Somlo.

The film-makers will not seek an X certificate. Said Sergei Nolbandov: "We want a show de Maupassant, the man, not just a series of sex interludes."

I now await with interest to see if a French plan to film the life of Anthony Trollope—possibly a fumbling for their autograph books.

• Film people are now enthusiastic bidders at sales of surplus service equipment. They find it a cheap way of keeping up with the march of the atom.

For a recent science-horror film they almost fully fitted their laboratory cut-price. I am told that a £12,000 oscilloscope, for instance, was snapped up for £8.

The makers of "The Giant Behemoth"—made over here—went one better. They borrowed their equipment from Harwell.

After spending five expensive weeks in Amsterdam filming scenes of Operation Amsterdam—another war film—"Pinewood" unit have returned to build yet another.

of the city at their own studios at a cost of £15,000.

The Dutch police banned certain street fighting scenes as too dangerous.

While waiting for the rain to stop, Eva, Barbi, is filling in time firing burst after burst on a tommy-gun in readiness for the others.

She hates loud bangs. During practice she is able to plug her ears with cotton wool.

FOR THE RECORD. Miss Barbi kills two Nazis with two bursts. The Germans miss.

probably fumbling for their autograph books.

SO PAINFUL

American actor Keith Andes has arrived to make his first British picture as star of "Model for Murder."

Mr Andes was last in Britain just before the war when he studied at Oxford. He has some painful memories of the way our teachers administered discipline.

"I used to say to myself 'if that guy lays a finger on me I'll tell him out of the window. They let me alone.'

I pass this information on to all schoolboys who may shortly face the same situation.

BIG GUNS

Michael Anderson—who directed "Around the World in Eighty Days"—has taken over the film "Shark Hands With The BIG GUNS".

Michael Anderson—who directed "Around the World in

Eighty Days"—has taken over the film "Shark Hands With The

(London Express Service).

Roderick Mann ACTOR BURTON (WITH £100,000 IN THE BANK) SAYS 'I NEED NEVER WORK AGAIN'

GENEVA.

IT is after midnight in Geneva. The lights around the lake are long since out. And I have just got back after a nine-hour talking session with Richard Burton further along the lakeside.

Burton, the fiery 31-year-old Welsh actor who is due in London next week to star in the film *Look Back in Anger*, lives at Clegny, 15 minutes' drive along the west side of Lake Geneva.

He met me from the London plane in his Cadillac convertible. His hair was tousled and he was dishevelled.

He said: "I hope people like King Creole. I think there are some good songs in it. I really enjoyed making that picture."

I asked Tom Parker if the Army period was hitting the Presley finances. Apparently there are no worries.

★ ★ ★

During his two-year "hitch," the singer gets US\$1,000 a week come rain, come shine, from his recordings. "Elvis has had fourteen gold discs in two years, and I think he's singing better than ever," added Tom.

But even if Elvis sees snags about the Army engagement, there are the sunnier sides, too. It's almost certain, for instance, that he'll be with an armoured division in Germany.

That means he'll be in London quite a few weekends, and he expects he will fit in some special concerts in Great Britain.

We moved on to the coffee as we talked. About us the noise, the brashness and the fanfare glamour of America assailed the ear and eye. But Presley's thoughts were in quieter realms on the European side of the Atlantic.

"Tell me," he said, "do you think people will like me in Britain? Do you think I'll be accepted by people?"

He went on: "You see, I've been getting thousands of letters from young people in England and Scotland, I feel I know that they'll like me. But, naturally, I'd like to be sure. The letters from these young Scots and English are very intelligent—so different to thousands I get here."

★ ★ ★

"I feel I would like to know the young folk who wrote them to me. I sure am mighty grateful to them."

And Elvis meant every word he said.

As I left him, the Presley face widened into a grin. "When I get out of the Army, do you know what's the first thing I'll do? Why, I'll get myself just one thing—a Triumph motor-sickle." And he grinned wider at his own pronunciation.

"I was in a hit on Broadway," Burton said. "Time Remastered. And I got a percentage from the film Alexander the Great."

"Are you content with what you've got?"

"It's enough," Burton said. "It's tempting to try for a million. I've thought about it a lot. All those noughts. Do you realise you couldn't count it all, if you had a million?"

"I dug that Triumph. It'll be my hound down," he quipped. And then the golden boy of the spinning disc said the film was off. "God bless," he called, as he waved through the Cadillac window.

★ ★ ★

"I'm feeling rather ill," Burton said. "I've got a cold. I'm not well."

"I'm not as tough as you," Burton said. "But not as tough as my brother, Ivor, who is staying with me now. He once lifted me right off the floor by his lapels for saying something he didn't approve of."

"I grew up tough," Burton said. "But not as tough as my brother, Ivor, who is staying with me now. He once lifted me right off the floor by his lapels for saying something he didn't approve of."

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Love In A Life Of Lavender... I Yawn A Little

I WORRY sometimes about English literature.

I would hate it to be a dead thing, lectured over in hushed voices and darkened rooms, but until the late explosion of successful bed-sitting-room writers, that is what was happening to it.

Now, slightly dismayed by such vulgarity, the old guard have withdrawn.

The young rogue writers surge in the foreground, but the ancient regime, clinging to their sweet, old-fashioned beliefs that art is longer than life, and style is all (even in love affairs), behind their stately walls. Occasionally they peep over the top.

Taste

Now if anyone is a member of this regiment of taste it is Lady David Cecil. She is a daughter of Sir Desmond MacCarthy (a critic so distinguished that everyone still sighs when his name is mentioned) and Mary MacCarthy (author of "Nineteenth Century Childhood").

She has just written her first novel, **THERESE'S CHOICE** (Constable, £1.5s.), which is getting awed reviews from everyone this week. She is also married to the Professor of English Literature at Oxford, it is told.

"Theresa's Choice" is an anaemic tale. Theresa is courted by three men: Ivor Brandon, an artist with heavy eyes who sweeps her off to Paris and where "lets her down"; an already-married bourgeois doctor called Colin, "who plays lawn tennis... and Edward. Edward is "like a fragile intellectual bird," with "long fingers nervously tapping a cigarette."

Edward is awfully like Lord David Cecil. Theresa marries Edward.

I am sorry to say this story bored me stiff. It was as though literature, with all that

THE NEW BOOKS

by
NANCY SPAIN

is good in it, like Proust and Jane Austen, had hopelessly lured upon itself somewhere in a cork-lined room where there was no fresh air to keep it going.

It was an though, as a story, it existed on memories of days when life was life and men were men, yet no rude fellow dared speak out plainly about it all, let alone print it in the newspapers.

So I went to talk to Rachel Cecil in her nice red brick villa in Oxford. The thunderous exhausted weather added to my feelings. The house was in a backwater of deadened streets, and I waited in a drawing-room that was really an elegant light-weight library.

The shelves were white and there, rare enough, was the whole of Proust and the whole of Jane Austen.

Music

Incongruously, the piano was unlit. There lay a banjo, a piano transcription of a jazz classic, many long-playing gramophone records. Near by were two music stands; with

Rachel Cecil is fortyish, pretty, kind, and charming, shy yet sure of herself. She took a deep interest in anything one cared to talk about. Particularly literature.

Yes, her husband had helped her lot with her book. Yes, she had enjoyed writing it. Yes, she had been at it a long time.

We drank tea (Earl Grey's Mixture); she put the milk in last. We ate very very thin brown bread and butter, and cakes specially made by a retainer who was somewhere in the kitchen.

She said she planned not to read any newspaper reviews. Then there was a deep, long, held silence, so I asked about the mess on the piano.

"Those are my son's," she said. "My husband has his undergraduates in his study."

The music stands? "Those are mine," she said.

So then I asked what was her instrument... and oh, shades of folk dancing and they money for the British Council and the Third Programme, and all wrapped up in lavender, Rachel Cecil answered, "The recorder."

Slave girl

You could not have a bigger contrast than the life of Janet Lim, author of **SOLD FOR SILVER** (Collins, £1.5s.). A spirited Chinese girl, Miss Lim, was sold at the age of eight to an old gentleman who wanted her as slave and concubine.

Janet did the housework and was often beaten black and blue, but she kept her honour intact. She was freed. When Singapore fell she escaped in a ship that was hideously bombed.

Battered, ill, but still not helpless, Janet survived life as a raft. She was interned by the Japanese. More attacks on her honour. She still survived.

She took up nursing again. She is now the matron of the highly organized St Andrew's Hospital, Singapore.

Janet Lim's is a story which is inspirational. Even had she written it badly it would still have given courage to ordinary men and women all over the world, but Janet Lim has written it very well, in a down-to-earth, factual, unfanciful way.

Big stuff

It is big stuff, "Sold for Silver." It shows that good order can often come out of evil chaos.

Above all, it is a story which is very easy to read. That, frankly, is what English literature is all about. It is something that should be read, not led up into little bundles of ghastly good taste.

VIOLENCE IN THE BIG CITY

By WALTER ALLEN

THE SKINNER. By Jay Gatsby. New Authors. 15s.

JAY GILBERT is described on the jacket of her novel as "New Author No. 1!" The Skinner is the first book to bear the imprint of New Authors Limited. It is a melodrama, lurid, intensely serious, and finally unconvinced.

It is set in an anonymous city. Liz Buckley, a teen-age girl, gets to Number Street in the heart of the slums to look for 14-year-old Ron, the boy to whom she has placed little mother and who has run away to avoid the police.

When found, he repudiates her, but a friend of his, a young tough named Scottie, falls reluctantly in love with her.

His refuge

When she discovers Scottie belongs to a gang of heroin-peddlars she gives him up and sinks into an alcoholic stupor.

Months pass. Love for Liz and a sudden realization of the miseries of the drug-addict's life cause Scottie to break away from the gang. He takes refuge in Liz's flat, where the gang besieges him.

Bon kills the sinister gang-leader, Flint, to prevent his killing Scottie, and is himself killed in a road accident.

Scottie, blaming himself for his friend's death, is persuaded by Liz from killing himself in turn.

It is the old story: The redemption of a bad man by a good woman's love, but told in such a way as to read like an espresso-bar dream of violence based on jumbled recollections of gangster films and stories.

Anonymous

The big-city background is as formalised, as abstract, as the decor of an advanced bullet about the slums.

In the end, the characters, who are snarled-up and inarticulate almost to the point of dumbness, are as anonymous and featureless as the city. We know no more about them than we did at the beginning.

But there is power here, and a genuine attempt to wrestle with language. When Jay Gilbert looks at life straight instead of through film and literature, she may well give us something to write home about.

—(London Express Service).

THE FINAL GAMBLE THAT FAILED

von Rundstedt: 'The Hitler plan was nonsensical'

by MILTON SHULMAN

THE BATTLE OF THE ARDENNES. By Robert E. Merriam. Souvenir Press. 21s.

TO a fanfare of exultant orders of the day, the Wehrmacht on December 16, 1944, made its last despairing lunge for victory in the West. The effort was doomed to failure from the start and the resultant battle probably shortened the war by many months.

Mr Merriam has written a detailed, rather flushed, account of this familiar battle that adds remarkably little to what we already know.

The shock

Probably its chief distinction, from a British standpoint is the fact that it vigorously defends Montgomery's strategical handling of the battle in the northern salient of the Ardennes.

When the Germans broke into the Ardennes-Eifel sector with 17 divisions on the first day and followed this up quickly with another 12 divisions, Allied commanders were staggered by their own ignorance.

After the break-through in Normandy and the rout through France, optimism was the prevailing emotion in Allied circles.

Intelligence officers vied with each other writing wisecracks about the disorganized Wehrmacht and the troops confidently expected a quick end to the war.

The evidence

But Hitler had other plans. From mid-September the Führer had been planning this counter-offensive through the Ardennes which was aimed at reaching Antwerp and severing the Allied armies in two.

There was no lack of evidence about this German plan available to Allied intelligence. But so convinced were they of its invincibility that they consistently reasoned themselves out of the obvious.

Indeed, when two prisoners-of-war reported on December 14 that the Germans were preparing an attack, Intelligence assumed it was an error in translation and reprinted it as a

rumour on its own.

The truth was that the Germans had neither the men, supplies, petrol or aerial superiority to carry out Hitler's ambitious dream. Rundstedt and other senior commanders recognised the impossibility of their task before it had begun.

"It was a nonsensical operation," von Rundstedt once told us, "and although it is sometimes called the Rundstedt offensive I had nothing to do with it. It came to me as an order complete in every detail.

The final epitaph of this battle comes from Goering: "It was no longer 1940," said he.

—(London Express Service).

THREE JOURNEYS ON THE THAMES

By RICHARD CHURCH

LONDON'S RIVERSIDE. By Eric de Mare. Reinhardt. 30s.

THE author of this book is an architect, a journalist and a photographer. So he is well qualified to make his triple journey down the Thames from Battersea to Woolwich.

from the foyer of the Festival Hall).

Though there is a richness of detail in this section, it is inevitable that some omissions are to be regretted.

Mr de Mare does not, for example, mention the two Dutch sailing boats which have mooring rights off Custom House Quay, so long as the mooring is never left vacant. This has lasted since the time of William and Mary.

He reminds us that Cleopatra's

Needle "has nothing to do with the Egyptian Queen, but was originally one of a pair of obelisks erected at Heliopolis about 1450 BC by Thothmes III.

The third journey is in the future. This is more hopeful by pictures, the first being an imaginary reconstruction of the pool of London in one George Dance in 1600, with two bridges flanking one another, one north and south of the river and with The Monument conspicuous.

The other picture is a sketch from the recent Holden and Holford post-war reconstruction plan. It shows a riverside walk below Upper Thames Street secured by setting back warehouses.

Mr. Shute Scores A Technical Win

by RICHARD LISTER

THE RAINBOW AND THE ROSE. By Nevil Shute. Heinemann. 16s.

OF all the plain, straightforward story-tellers, Mr. Nevil Shute is the plainest and most straightforward. His characters are simple men of action, wholly uncomplicated, nice, grown-up schoolboys with the code of behaviour of nice schoolboys. His women, I sometimes think, are nice grown-up schoolboys, too.

But what Mr. Shute does understand is the world of action, its difficulties and technicalities and the satisfaction of mastering them.

The world of The Rainbow and the Rose is the world of small aircraft. Johnny Passage, who retired from the captivity of an Australian air-line at 60, is, when we first hear of him, flying with a fractured skull in an inaccessible part of Tasmania.

He learned his dying in the 1914-18 war.

Johnny survived a German prison camp, but his marriage did not. It had been a musical comedy, soufflé who deserted him for Hollywood.

His next, and not one I love, wife, Brenda, Marcella.

This produces terrible complications for these simple-hearted people. Brenda's husband is always in danger of getting beaten, and needs her, and they must not do anything "amusy." But evidently they do one night at an Aero rally in France, for the result is a daughter. Divorce is impossible and Brenda deliberately crashes her Moth. She dies.

FIRST LOVE

Johnny turns his back on England and devotes himself to his first love, flying. Twenty-five years later his wheel turns full circle. The chief air hostess of his line makes a devastating impression on him and he finds himself falling in love (in the nicest possible way) with his own illegitimate daughter.

So successfully does Mr. Shute wrap up this yarn in a covering of realistic technical detail, that we hardly notice its naivety. It may be a very simple tale, but it is very skilfully put over.

FICTION SHELF

By JOHN WATERMAN

DIALOGUE WITH SHADOWS. By J. E. Malcolm. Gollancz. £1. 6d. The bombed-out ruins of post-war Europe and four survivors of Nazi concentration camps are joined by Paul Grunwald, who had been in England since 1939. He becomes involved with their past in an act of revenge which leads to a climax of terror with nightmarish memories.

A moving and convincing first novel with backgrounds as authentic as a watercolor and narrative worked in a counter-point of suspense.

BETWEEN THE PARTIES

By Helen Foley Hodder and Broughton. £1. 6d. An old love affair is unhappily resurrected against a cosy landscape of life with the British Army of occupation in Australia, contrasted with Australian aristocracy, bungalows and brick-built houses. A new wife, Mrs. Colonial Dame, disappears.

—(London Express Service).

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

The Trial Of Dr. Bowdler

"Go to h----!" Get out of the way! These are two fine examples of 'Bowdlerish'—when dashes signify left out letters in a word—which we meet during our reading. They represent social outcasts of the English language words which at various stages of history it has been impossible to publish, words under a ban. One of the first to devote all his powers to solving the problem of the 'unprintable word' was Dr T. Bowdler who was born in 1764 and died in 1825. He tried to rid Shakespeare's plays of expressions which he felt were so crude 'that a father cannot read them aloud to his children, or a gentleman to a lady.'

At 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening there's a programme by Laurence Kitchin which tries to show what Bowdler was really like. Was he a podent completely cut off from the world? Or was he a philanthropist who saw morality as something all important? Wednesday's programme is in the form of an imaginary trial with Dr Bowdler in the dock and you the listener are asked to give your verdict.

The part of Dr. Bowdler is played by the well known radio and television actor, Felicity Aspasia, and others in the case are Cecile Hobbs, Abraham Sofaer and James McKechnie.

Mantrap

On Monday evening at 7.15 we are starting the first programme in a long series. Up to now Radio Hongkong has not broadcast the extended serial in the same way as the BBC have 'Dick Barton,' 'Mrs. Dale's Diary,' and 'The Archers.' This last moving thriller can be heard every night from Monday to Friday, at 7.15 p.m. 'Mantrap' was written and produced in Australia by Kyle Martin and is fine family entertainment. The story opens with Michael Vincent, the trial for murder of his wife, but due to his minute testimony he is acquitted to the surprise of the press and the public. Determined to prove his innocence and find the poison who killed his wife, he sets out to search for clues.

Monday Recital

'Monday Recital' at 8.30 p.m. is given by two Hongkong artists accompanied by Moya Rea. Irene Liao, soprano, will be singing a programme of French songs and arias, including 'Bell Song' from Delibes' 'Lakme,' and violinist Cheng Chik-pui will be playing 'Concerto in A minor' by Vivaldi.

At 9.00 p.m. the same evening we continue 'Their Finest Hour', a series of programmes about Englishmen who have achieved greatness. Monday's programme features the Founder of the Boy Scout Movement—Lord Baden-Powell.

Music Forum

On Thursday at 9.15 p.m. we start a new series of illustrated talks on serious music. Each week different speakers will be in the studio to discuss various aspects of the musical field and the series begins with three talks by John Jenkins, who with the S. George Singers discusses church music, choirs and their training.

British Council Talks

On Wednesday evening the first of a series of lectures on British Professional Institutions will take place in the British Council Library. At 10.15 p.m. the same evening Radio Hongkong will be broadcasting a shortened version of the talk, which this week is given by Professor S. Mackay, Taikoo Professor of Engineering at the University of Hongkong. His subject is 'The Institution of Civil Engineers.'

Other programme highlights during the next week include: 'This Week'—7.30 p.m. tonight; 'Red Ryder'—the first of a series of cowboy stories at 5.30 p.m. Sunday; 'U.S. Pilot' programme on the celebration of his birthday, 10th October, on Sunday; 'The Goon Show' at 8.15 p.m. on Wednesday and 'Just A Year Ago' at 9.00 p.m. on Tuesday.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 500 kilocycles per second)

Today

12.30 p.m. ROMANCE IN MUSIC & BONGOS
Gretel Simmerling in 'Venezuela'—Fires Burn Not Like You'; Gisele Seru: 'Julia De Palma'—Eduardo Adan; Sigurdur Skulason; 'To Be Sure That You Love You Are My Sunshine'; 'Till We Meet Again'; 'Let The Rest of the World Go By'; 'I'm Not a Cowgirl Anymore'; 'Misty'; 'Ballerina'; 'Ma Cherie Amour' etc.
12.45 TIME SIGNAL
12.50 WEATHER REPORT
12.55 TIME SIGNAL
12.56 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
12.57 THE NEWS
12.58 SPORTS REVIEW
12.59 LETTER FROM AMERICA
By Allstar Cooke.

Margherita's Lucky Dip

Since April 23, 1952, the voice of 'Margherita' has been heard introducing the request programme 'Lucky Dip'. Many of Radio Hongkong request programmes cater exclusively for the British servicemen but 'Lucky Dip' and 'Just for You' aim at playing popular music for civilians.

'Margherita' was born in Northern China, partly Italian, partly Austrian. Her education began in a convent in Shanghai and ended in a boarding school in Florence, the City of Flowers, in Italy. Then she married a Scotsman from Kent and they have two sons.

Margherita is very firm about her likes and dislikes. She likes—Italian Opera, Tito Schipa's voice, also Marlon Anderson's and all Negro Spirituals. Her two hates she sums up as 'The Purple People Eater' and flying.

Perhaps all this firmness of approach explains why 'Lucky Dip' is so popular with listeners, for every Wednesday at six o'clock, the time the programme goes on the air, Margherita has the difficult job of deciding who of the many who write to her will be the lucky ones.



THE NEWS & HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN

10.15 **SHALL WE DANCE?**
One: Be Good to Me; Derricke Porter; Eli Minnai; Calypso; You Don't Know Me; Dance to the Moon; G.I. Blues; When I'm Dancing; On The Corner; Wear My A Certain Smile; Carnival in Uruguay; La Miseria; Cuando Yo Quiero; Tambor Arabe; Valentine; Streets of Shanghae; 10.15 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 **TIME SIGNAL, RADIO NEWS-REEL.**

11.15 **SHALL WE DANCE?**
Goin' Gal Along Without You; You're On; Ca Ne Sait Jamais; Tol, Mon Dimanche; Hot Toddie; Deep Blue Sea; Queen Elizabeth II Stakes.

11.20 **COMMENTARY** by Raymond Glen-

denning from Ascot. 11.45 **CLOSE DOWN.**

Sunday

8.00 a.m. **TIME SIGNAL**
WITH ERIC COKE & PRO-GRAMME PARADE.
8.10 **MUSIC IN THE LATIN AMERICAN MANNER.**
8.20 **MORNING MELODY.**
8.30 **TIME SIGNAL.**
8.40 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

8.50 **REFUGEE ROUND ABOUT.**

I'm Falling In Love Again; Now I Know; Tangerine; Wanting Me; How To Make An Angel; I Belong To Glasgow; Good Old 149; Lobby Number; Hula Lu-

lu; Shanty Nioebah.

5.15 **ORCHESTRA OF THE WEEK.** The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux.

5.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

5.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

6.00 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

6.10 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

6.15 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 2.

7.00 a.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

7.15 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

7.20 **MUSIC & HOME NEWS.**

7.25 **WEATHER REPORT.**

7.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

7.45 **THE PHOENIX.** After Trinity The Temple Church.

7.50 **CLOSE DOWN.**

7.55 **HALF AN HOUR WITH DANNY KAYE.**

8.00 **TIME SIGNAL.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

8.10 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

8.15 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

8.20 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 3.

9.00 a.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

9.15 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

9.20 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

9.25 **WEATHER REPORT.**

9.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

9.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

10.00 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

10.10 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

10.15 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 4.

11.00 a.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

11.15 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

11.20 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

11.25 **WEATHER REPORT.**

11.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

11.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

12.00 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

12.10 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

12.15 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 5.

1.00 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

1.15 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

1.20 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

1.25 **WEATHER REPORT.**

1.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

1.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

1.50 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

1.55 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

2.00 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 6.

2.15 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

2.25 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

2.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

2.35 **WEATHER REPORT.**

2.40 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

2.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

2.50 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

2.55 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

3.00 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 7.

3.15 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

3.25 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

3.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

3.35 **WEATHER REPORT.**

3.40 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

3.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

3.50 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

3.55 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

4.00 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 8.

4.15 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

4.25 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

4.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

4.35 **WEATHER REPORT.**

4.40 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

4.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

4.50 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

4.55 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

5.00 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 9.

5.15 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

5.25 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

5.30 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

5.35 **WEATHER REPORT.**

5.40 **TIME SIGNAL.** THE NEWS & SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & SPORTS RESULTS.

5.45 **NOT FOR SQUARES.** MUSIC OF ITALY. Borschi & His Ensemble.

5.50 **MARCHING WITH THE GUARDS.** Band of the Royal Marines Band of Music.

5.55 **LETTER FROM AMERICA.** By Allstar Cooke.

6.00 **MAN TRAP.** A Serial Thriller by Lyle Martin, Part 10.

6.15 p.m. **TIME SIGNAL.** MARCH.

6.25 **LIGHT MUSIC.** NEWA SUMMARY.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

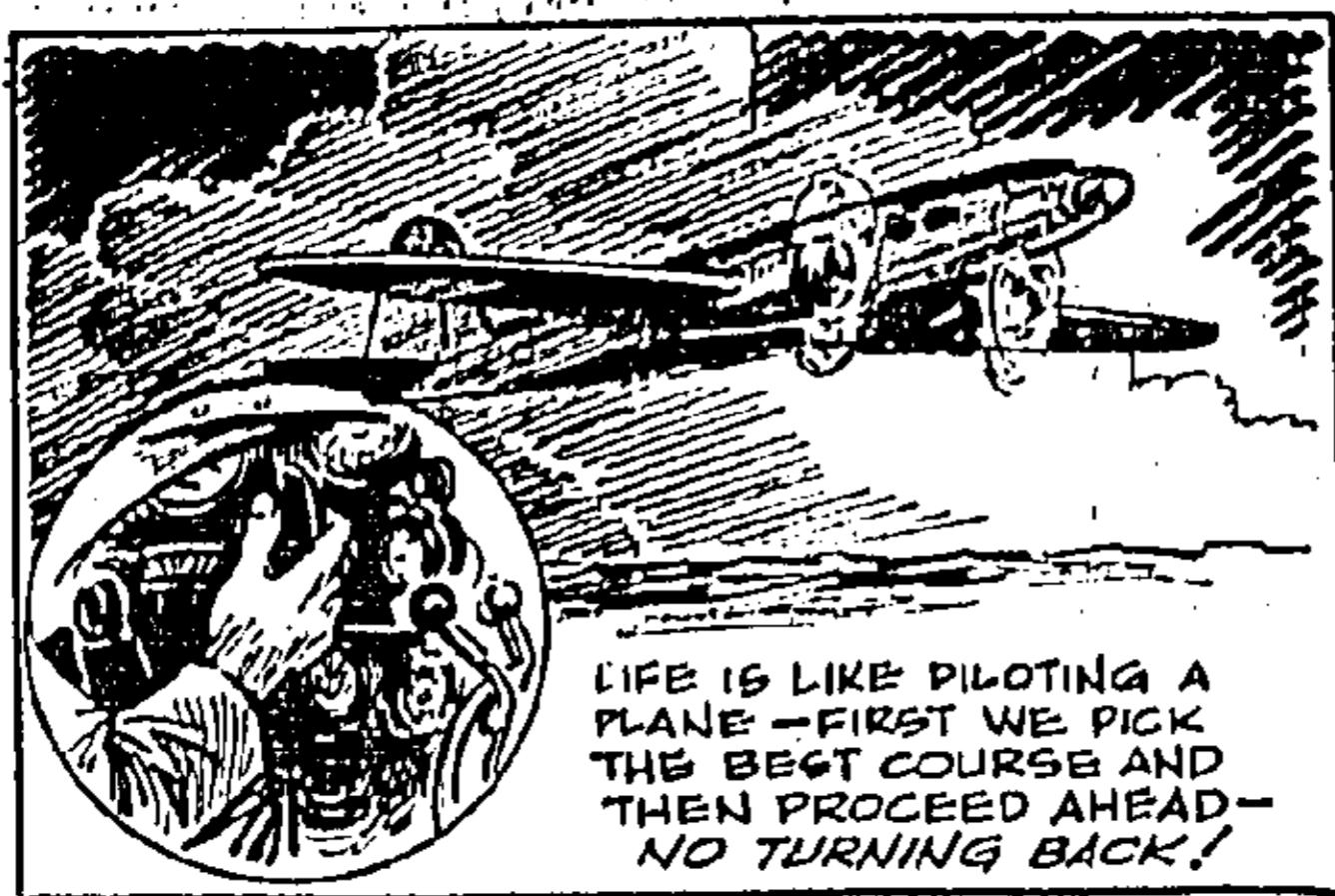
On Reaching Point Of No Return

A PROMINENT feature on the instrument panels of planes making long flights across the ocean is a place marked "Point of No Return."

The exact point has to be decided and set for a particular flight or trip with a knowledge of the number of miles to a place where a forced landing can be made.

A nice bit of calculation is involved. Its accuracy is highly important to the crew and passengers. A mistake in calculations might be fatal.

When the indicator points directly to that point, the pilot has his last chance to turn back. When it is past the point he has committed the plane to finish the voyage. There is no turning back afterward.



LIFE IS LIKE PILOTING A PLANE—FIRST WE PICK THE BEST COURSE AND THEN PROCEED AHEAD—NO TURNING BACK!

Before that time if there is taken no chances. He has to decide made before that crucial point of no return is reached.

In some ways, life is like that. There is no unerring needle

In the voyage of life pointing to the exact times when we must decide whether to go ahead or turn back. But the times come all the same, many of them.

Often we are called upon to choose the path we will take, and once we have chosen, we cannot收回 our steps.

Like the pilot of the plane, our decisions affect the lives of others, especially among our family and friends.

This does not mean that we should dodge the journey; we cannot do that if we wish. It does mean that we should head in the right direction and have everything in order.

To paraphrase an old saying, we should first be sure we are right, and then go ahead.

—J. A. RICHARD

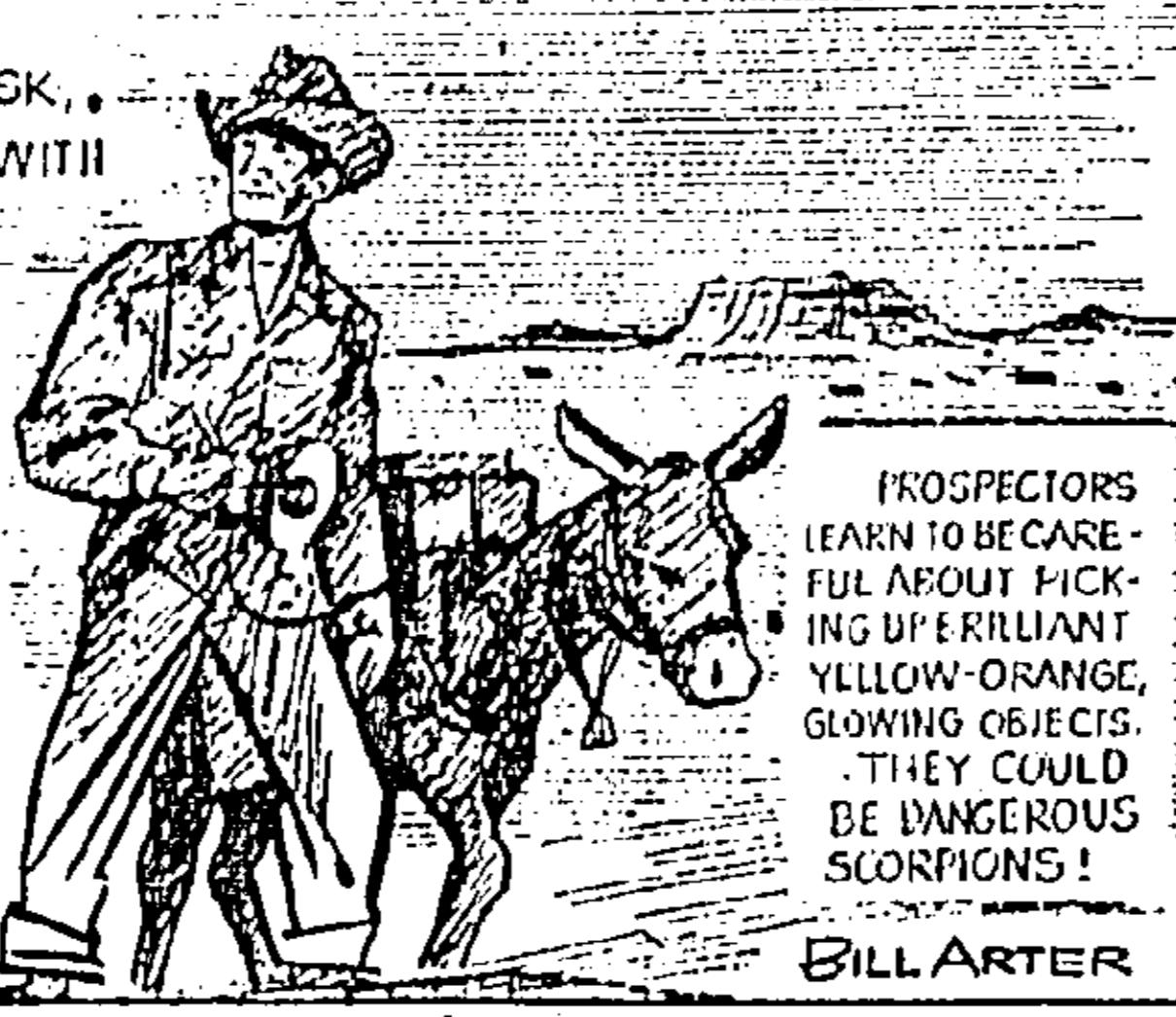
Prospectors Use Invisible Light



HE FARES FORTH AT DUSK, LEADING A BURRO LOADED WITH BATTERIES.

HE SEEKS STONES THAT LOOK QUITE ORDINARY BY DAY, BUT WHICH FLUORESCENCE (GLOW) WHEN BLACK LIGHT STRIKES THEM. THEY ARE USED FOR MANY PURPOSES, INCLUDING TV SCREENS.

STONES MAY GLOW IN AS MANY AS TEN COLORS AND COLLECTORS PAY WELL FOR RARE SPECIMENS.



PROSPECTORS LEARN TO CARE-FUL ABOUT PICK-ING UP BRILLIANT YELLOW-ORANGE, GLOWING OBJECTS. THEY COULD BE DANGEROUS SCORPIONS!

BILL ARTER

The Spy With The Mirror Memory

SPYING is a business which makes use of many talents, both ordinary and unusual.

Perhaps we are inclined to think of spies as glamorous women wheeling state secrets from prime ministers at gay parties. Or handsome, athletic men boldly outwitting a thousand counterspies and escaping over the border in the nick of time.

Such exciting people are rare in the very serious business of spying. Often spies lead humdrum lives with only the spice of danger, if they are caught.

Consider the real-life case of one spy, whom we shall call simply "Georg," because his real name was never revealed.

A native of one of the Baltic republics, Georg was recruited by his government to spy upon the Red regime of Russia back in the early 1920's—for the



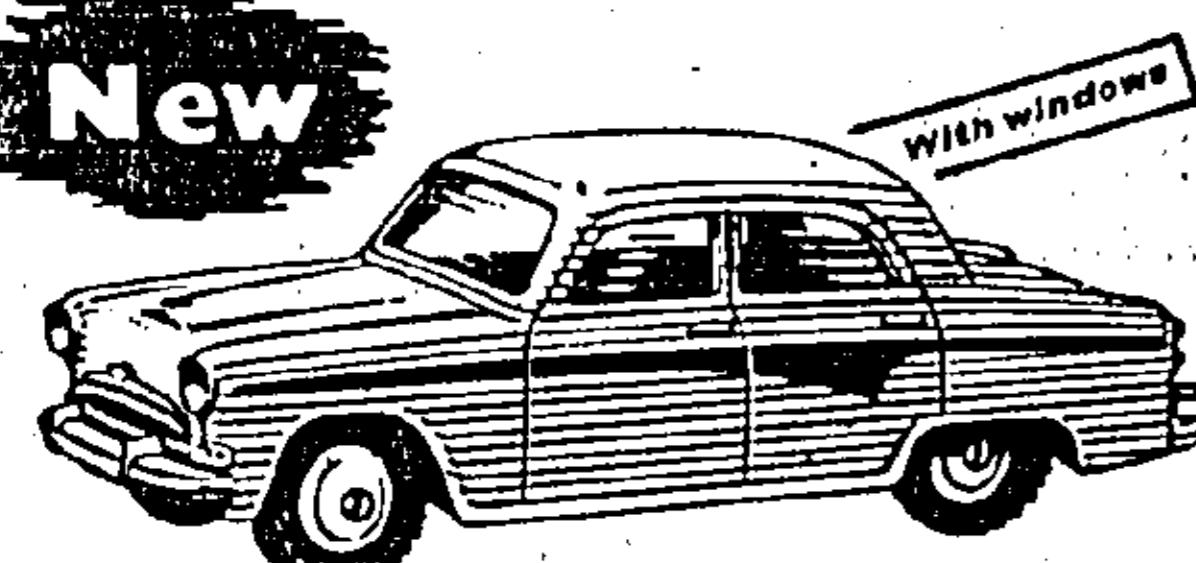
reason that he was a memory expert.

In the early '20s the danger of Communism in Russia was foreseen. As a safety measure surrounding republics began smuggling spies into Moscow.

The memory expert Georg was one such secret agent—a spy working not for money, but for patriotism.

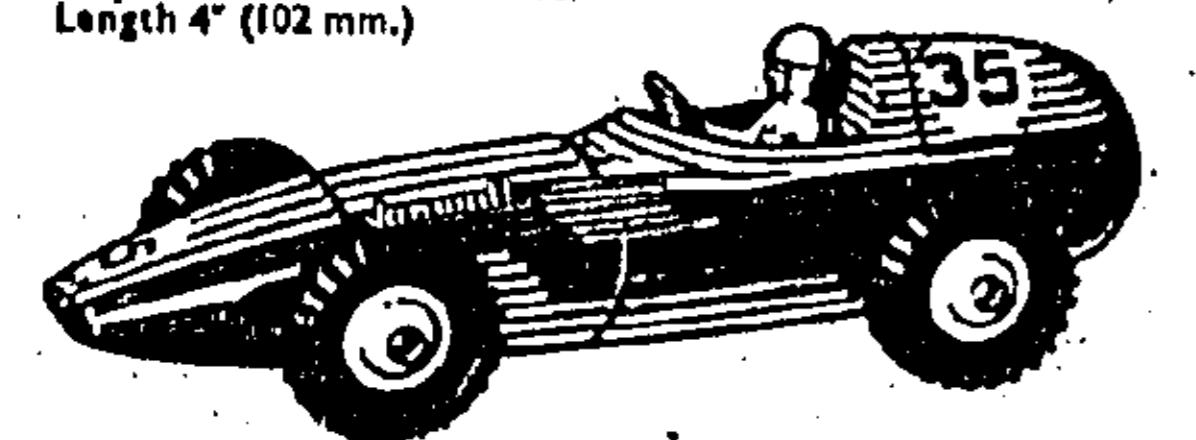
The clerk hesitated, but greed overcame his patriotism. The arrangement went on without a hitch. The clerk "borrowed" the documents—the spy with the amazing memory studied them for an hour and then they were returned to the proper place.

—CLEMENS KIRCHNER



DINKY TOYS No. 174 AUSTIN A105 SALOON

Look at this model Austin A105 for luxury de luxe! Now there's a car that anyone would be proud to own. Get this superb model for your collection now—it has transparent windscreen and windows. Keep on collecting Dinky Toys—they're the best in the world. Length 4" (102 mm.).



DINKY TOYS No. 219 VANWALL RACING CAR. The Vanwall is the racer that's upholding British prestige all over the world and this model has all the sleek lines and powerful appearance of the real thing—it's a perfect job. Could be yours at the wheel. Get this model today and have lots of fun racing it. Length 3" (75 mm.).

Keep on collecting

DINKY TOYS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MCCANN LTD., BRIDGE ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13



The name of the cat is "Cumber Dearest." She is a black kitten owned by Mrs. E. M. Denison of Denmark Hill, London, and was shown at the Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire Championships Cat Show held at the Central Hall Westminster last Saturday.

HOW POCOHONTAS WAS KIDNAPPED

THIS is a story of how chief Powhatan was their enemy. A copper kettle once saved the colonists of Jamestown.

It was written originally by Ralph Humor, secretary of the Jamestown Colony from 1611 to 1614, and published in London in 1616.

It was the winter of 1613 that Captain Argall, who had been sent from England to replace Captain John Smith, had a bold idea.

He learned that Powhatan's daughter and darling, Pocahontas, was held prisoner in Jamestown.

He planned to kidnap Pocahontas and hold her until her father agreed to a treaty of peace and returned the white prisoners.

Many Indians had been sent from England for trading with the Indians. Among these were some copper kettle. The captain knew the old Indian's greediness for the precious copper.

Humor agreed to the plan and got the kettle.



The Indian princess was taken aboard Argall's boat and held in Jamestown.

After much bargaining, Powhatan agreed to the terms and Pocahontas was released. Powhatan kept his terms of the bargain and Jamestown was saved from destruction by one copper kettle.

★ ★ ★

Humor tells a story of how the beautiful Indian princess, Pocahontas, was held prisoner in Jamestown and kidnapped, and held prisoner in Jamestown.

The colonists loved Pocahontas, but her father, the powerful

★ ★ ★

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JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bid And Play
Shows Science

BY OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH went down 1,400 points yesterday in order to save a rubber. Today's hand is the next and that one of that name rubber.

The East-West bidding was very scientific. East's two-spade bid was a definite slam try and West with 10 points was willing to show his club ace. When East continued by showing the ace of diamonds West jumped to four hearts on account of his good trumps and East contracted for the slam.

Careful play was required to bring the hand home. East won the opening spade lead and drew

NORTH (D)	10
♦K 9 7 5 3	
7	
♦Q 6 5	
♦10 9 8 4	
WEST (EAST)	
♦A 2	♦A 8
♦K Q 6 3	♦A Q 9 8 5 2
♦8 4 3 2	♦A Q 8
♦K 2	
SOUTH	
♦Q J 10 6	
♦H 10 4	
♦K J 7	
♦J 7 5 3	
Both vulnerable.	
East and West 60 on score.	
North East South West	
Pass 1 ♠ Pass 2 ♠	
Pass 2 ♠ Pass 3 ♠	
Pass 3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠	
Pass 4 ♠ Pass 5 ♠	
Pass 5 ♠ Pass 6 ♠	
Opening lead—♦Q	

trumps with two leads. Three rounds of clubs allowed him to get rid of his losing spade and he ruffed dummy's last spade in his own hand.

This series of plays had eliminated all black cards from his hand and dummy. Now all he had to do was to enter dummy with a third trump, lead a diamond and finess his ten spot.

South won with the jack and was now helpless. A diamond lead would be up to East's ace-queen and a spade or club lead would allow East to ruff in dummy and discard his queen of diamonds.

W-CARD Series X

—The bidding has been:
North East South West
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 ♠ T. Pass ?
You, South, hold:
♦A Q 6 5 ♦K J 7 6 ♦Q 2 ♦A 7 6
What do you do?
A—Bid three no-trump. You may be missing a slam but you are more likely to be missing a slam that won't make.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand. Your partner's rebid after your one heart has been three no-trump. What do you do in this case?

Answer on Monday

An English farm labourer recently won £75,000 on the football pools by correctly forecasting eight matches to end in a draw. He said he would help to gather in the harvest before deciding what to do with the money.



The fear behind this 'We want Bevan' call

THE REBELS WITHOUT A CAUSE SEE
HIM AS THEIR LAST ELECTION HOPE

BY GEORGE HUTCHINSON

Evening Standard Political Correspondent.

TORIES, Socialists and Liberals alike must surely be agreed on one thing when their annual party conferences concluded. For it now seems beyond dispute that the most remarkable aspect of the political scene in Britain today is not the tremendous recovery of the Government but the continuing failure of the Opposition to improve their prospects.

Even through the long months of the Government's unpopularity, the Socialists made no advance. Now they are not even treading water: they are sinking.

It is hardly flattering to Mr Gaitskell.

Nor, of course, to Mrs Barbara Castle, to whom the chairmanship should pass as she is now vice-chairman. It might almost suggest that Mrs Castle is in some way unfit to occupy the chair when any remedial action is liable to prove too late.

What has gone wrong? Is it simply Mr Gaitskell's leadership, or is there another explanation?

Some of the trade union leaders have given their answer. Diagnosing faults at the top, they now seek to invest Mr Aneurin Bevan as chairman of the party at the forthcoming conference so that he should preside over their destinies during what they expect to be an election year.

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What has gone wrong? Is it simply Mr Gaitskell's leadership, or is there another explanation?

He is said to be extremely uneasy about the outlook, champing at the bit under a sickening sense of frustration. If it can be managed he will no doubt accept the chairmanship.

And that office, in a year of defeat, might yet carry him to the leadership.

—(London Express Service).

In these circumstances the Socialists face the prospect not only of a third successive General Election victory for the Tories but — worse still — the prospect of a greater political defeat than in 1955.

It is for this reason that their more astute leaders are turning to Mr Bevan.

AT THE TOP

The cry Bevan for Chairman amounts to a last throw by a group still sharp enough to recognise that if they are to be defeated it must be an "honourable" or dignified defeat. In other words, the Tory majority must be kept down within proportions that will not utterly dishearten the entire party for years.

And the conviction grows that only with Mr Bevan visibly and formally at the top, alongside Mr Gaitskell, can this conceivably be realised. Bevan cannot guarantee success but perhaps the public, romantic force of his personality can save them from total disaster even without some great rampaging cause. That is the reasoning.

Bevan's leadership — without a cause — faith without a belief. And Mr Bevan himself?

sufficiently well known and possibly indiscernible like the professor who was Attlee's party chairman in 1945.

It's discretion that tells, the Socialists would hardly want Mr "Vermin" "dissipated calculating machine." You could scarcely imagine two men more different.

But would the replacement of Mrs Castle by Mr Bevan, in itself cure the ills of the party? Mr Bevan has the marvellous gift of oratory. Few can begin to match him on the platform or in the House of Commons. But an orator has to have something to say. A leader needs a cause. And this is the root of the Socialist problem. There is no longer a cause. The fire has gone out.

And, paradoxically, it was Mr Bevan himself who killed the last Socialist cause when at the Brighton conference a year ago he rejected the plan for Britain to abandon the H-bomb alone.

In so doing, he outraged his friends of the Left and destroyed the enthusiasm of untold thousands of constituency workers — even though the enthusiasm was misplaced and Mr Bevan's judgment was right.

There is another reason too why a great Party has grown weary.

The old cause of Socialism — the gross disparity between wealth and poverty — has vanished. Constantly the Socialists harp upon the fear of unemployment. That is a very real fear; but it is hard to

PARADE

MANLIFTER COMING UP:

Alexander H. Bohr, 37-year-old

inventor of Denville, New Jersey, has invented a rocket

which, when tied to a man's

back, will partially overcome the

pull of gravity.

This is no harebrained scheme.

It is sponsored by the rocket

company which made the motor

for the Viking, forerunner of the

Vanguard.

And the U.S. Defence Depart-

ment says that it is definitely in-

terested in the gadget.

The person wearing the

manlifter has not actually flown

in tests, but the gadget gave

him full and free use of his

muscles. He had no ill-effects

afterwards.

A company spokesman said

that, with the rocket, a person

can "run faster, jump across

rivers, scale walls and cliffs,

jump extraordinary heights and

not be tired when he gets there."

Details about the size and fuel

are secret. But it is described

as fairly small and expensive.

LEGACY PROBLEM:

An Italian-born American citizen,

Cosimato "Mirti," who made a

will cutting his wife off with a

dollar and leaving \$24,000 to

Pope Plus XII, has set the

Vatican a problem.

Mirti, who apparently lived a

life of abject poverty, surprised

the city of Syracuse, in

America, when at his death

police revealed exactly how

much money he had left.

Besides the dollar for his

wife, Mirti also bequeathed a

dollar each to his brother and

sister.

A spokesman at the Vatican

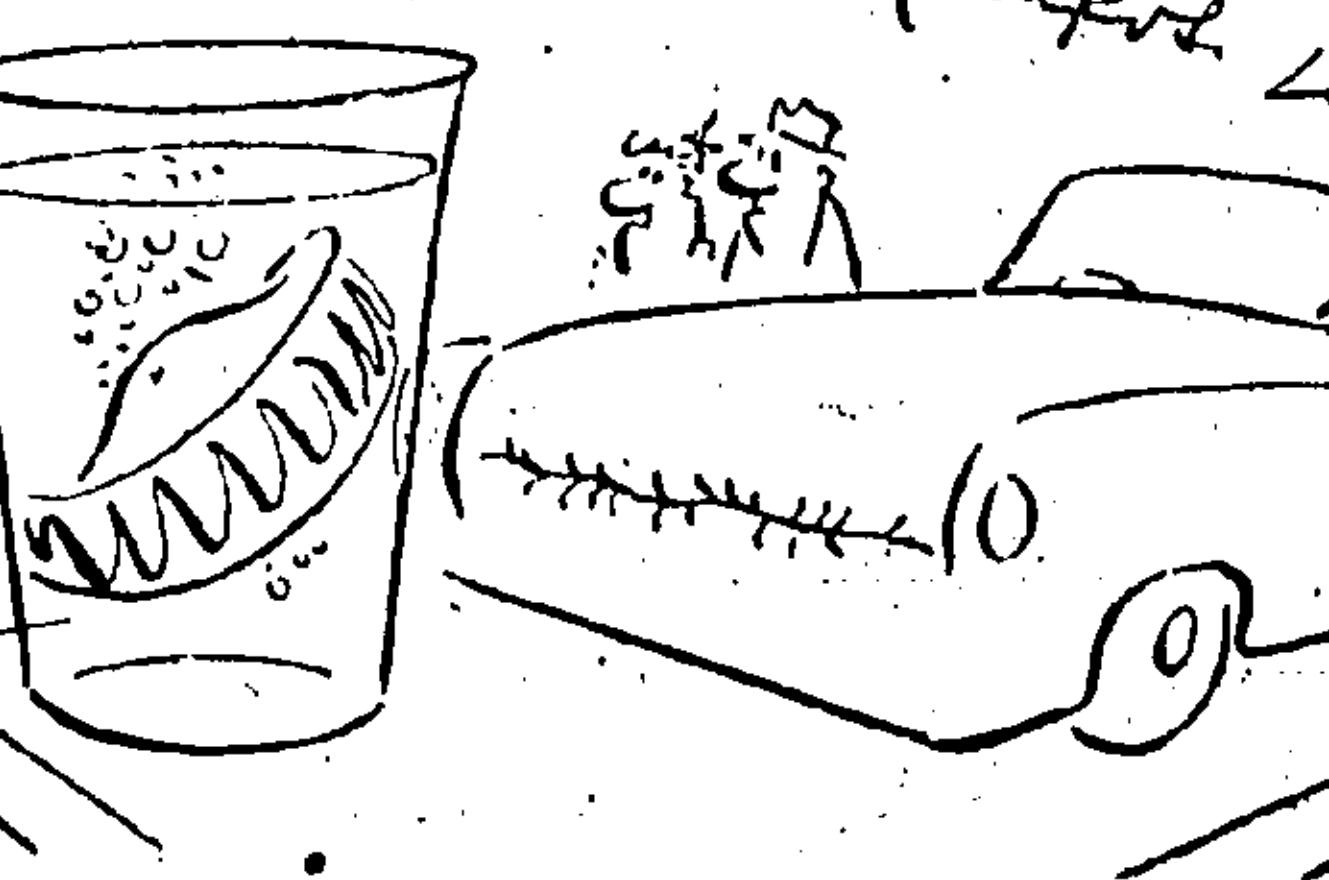
said: "This is something that

will require very careful study

and the Pope will call for a full

report from the Church autho-

rities where Mirti lived."



QANTAS

Australia's Round-the-World Airline

Congratulations

MALAYAN AIRWAYS

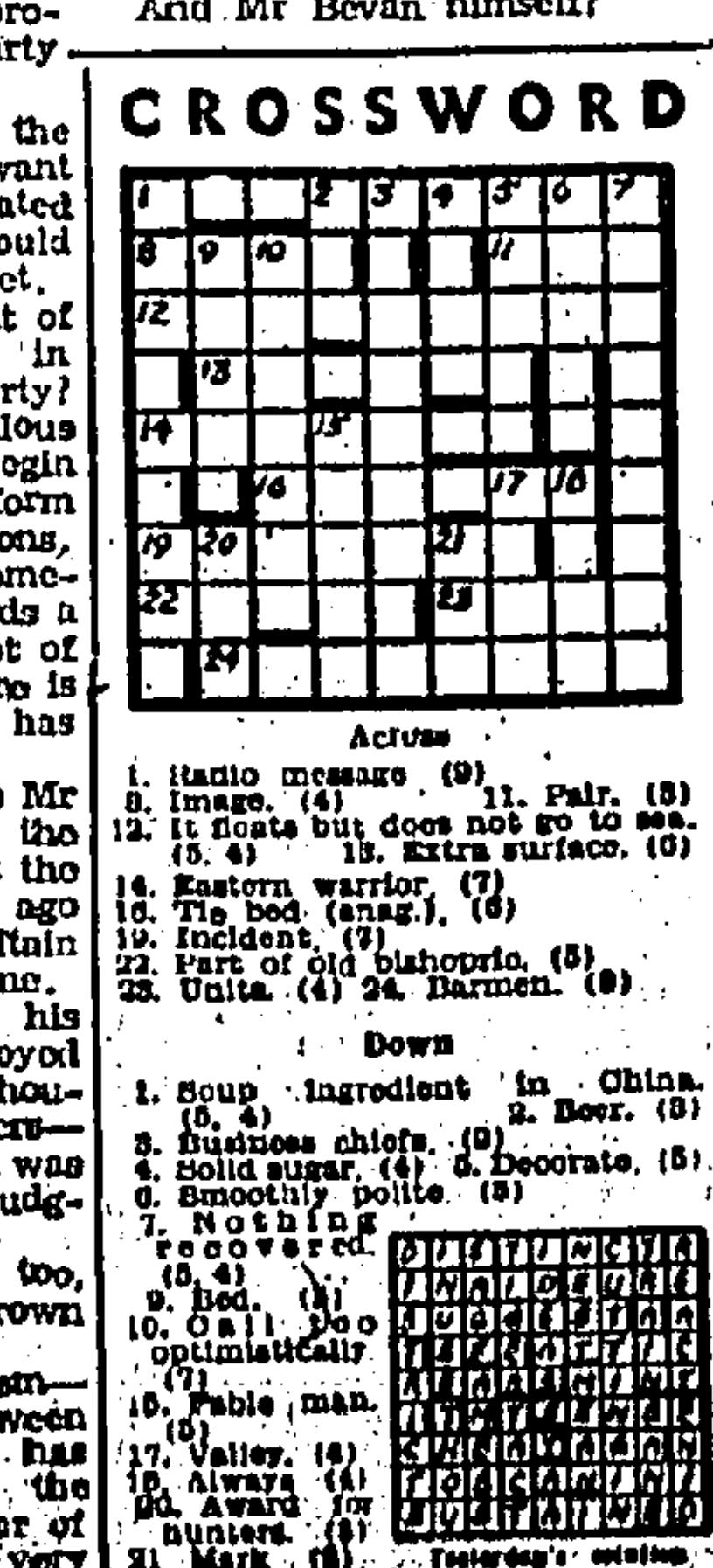
on the introduction of their
twice weekly services

between

HONG KONG

and

SINGAPORE



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Hongkong-Seoul Soccer Series Not Up To Hongkong Stadium Rating

The grandeur of the vast modern Hongkong Stadium is in danger of becoming a hypnotising and disillusioning drug to some of those people who control football in the Colony. They see it as a bottomless well of wealth with 28,500 eager paying fans packing its towering stands and enclosures. Apparently too, some of them see it as an attraction in itself for that is the only reasonable interpretation one can put to the fact that even third class games are now being taken there in the hope that their association with the biggest stadium will lull the fans through the turnstiles.

The lesson is being learned the hard way...and the bitter folly of taking anything but top class attractions to the stadium was again adequately demonstrated when the first two games of the current Korean series were played.

For the first match on Sunday a mere handful of spectators turned up and even when the big-name Chinese stars were in action on Tuesday the arena was only one-third filled.

Much Too Astute

Grounds do not make third rate fare into top class attractions. The Hongkong fans are much too astute for that sort of thing and the promoters of the Seoul visit would have reaped a much more satisfying reward if they had staged the games at either the Club or South China grounds.

The fans cannot be bluffed. They want to see good only football and surely they know bad soccer is not improved in anyway by being staged on Socknup's luscious turf.

The fact of the matter is that the series against Seoul simply did not merit Hongkong Stadium rating...and it would have been advantageous to have staged the games at one of the other grounds where the expenses are not so high...particularly when the Grounds Pool arrangement was not operative.

How does one assess the risks of injury from one sport to another?

It's an interesting question and it is one which is frequently asked in many circumstances.

How often have sportsmen argued the relative risks and toughnesses of rugby and soccer...of cricket and baseball...of boxing and wrestling...and of dozens of others?

I've often thought about it but probably because I could not find a suitable yardstick by which to make reliable measurements I've let the master slip into the argumentative or personal opinion stage.

Graphic Reminder

I had a graphic reminder of sporting risks the other day when the local office of an overseas insurance company decided to send me a proposal form for what they have called "Sportsman's Insurance".

While at this stage in the game I am unlikely to become a policy holder I found it a most instructive document...and, if you are one of those people who place reliance in the ability of the insurance folks to weigh up a potential risk, I'm sure you could use this piece of paper to settle many an argument.

One of my sporting colleagues made the sageous comment that

"...it would be worth a pile of pinta...in the local 'book home....' and that will put it in its correct perspective for many of you."

Now let us...on the basis of a scientific assessment by insurance experts...settle an argument or two.

Poorer Risk

First of all for rugger and soccer enthusiasts let me say that rugby is considered a poorer risk than soccer by one point...that is "B" against "A"

and, in fact until quite recently, soccer was as low as a risk, but I'm assured that the updradling did not take place as a direct result of last Tuesday evening's game at the Hongkong Park.

Boxing and wrestling are reckoned as involving equal risk and both are assessed at "7".

While the wizards of bunt and boudoir will no doubt be surprised to learn that the men who look at sporting risks in terms of cold finance regard cricket as dangerous as baseball and one point higher than softball...Calamity at King's Park!!

It is all quite intriguing, and as well as being useful for settling long standing controversies I am just as certain this document would be excellent ammunition for healthy and maybe even heated discussion in clubs and pubs.

For example let me tell you that lawn bowls, according to our insurance friends, is

In parts it was downright brutal and as unnecessary and as it is to have to say so, the causative organism was one that has been with us since ancient times.

Later on a Seoul player did exactly the same thing and this time play was held up while he was

spectacularly reprimanded by the referee.

The referee who had charge

of the proceedings allowed them to get out of hand and ten thousand long suffering spectators were treated to an almost uninterrupted whistling.

It was one solo that

could have been avoided if the official had exercised his authority right from the start.

Players react badly to such

inconsistent treatment and the visitors would have found plenty of backing for any suggestion that they suffered in this respect.

It was from these incon-

sistencies and inequalities that much of the unpleasantsness

of the game stemmed.

Every bit of it could

have been snuffed outright

from the start by firm control.

Players react badly to such

inconsistent treatment and the

visitors would have found plenty

of backing for any suggestion

that they suffered in this respect.

The trouble really sprang

from two main aspects of the referee's work.

The first was his failure to apply the advantage rule and the second was his habit of varying his attitude to similar offences.

The advantage rule was

originally introduced into football as means of 'punishing' an offender but time after time in this game the referee frustratingly halted play when the OFFENDED player had very obviously retrieved the situation to his advantage.

Apart from the disappointment

which the player concerned

feels such a practice is

an encouragement to the petty

offender...and in Tuesday's

game the Hongkong

defenders made the most of it.

But from petty beginnings

bitterness accrued and those

who saw the game were

witnesses to the unsatisfactory

outcome.

It's a long time since I

last watched a soccer match

as crusty and crude as that

between the Hongkong

Chinese and Seoul on Tues-

day evening.

Escaped Censure

The second point which took

some understanding was the

referee's failure to punish like

offences in a like manner.

Twice during the game Hong-

kong defenders Szeto Yiu and

Wai, Riley.

CLUB "A": Miles, Heenan,

Dalglish, R. Laville, D'Eath,

McTavish, Bennett, Williams,

King, Howe, Elliott, Newblagin,

Campbell, Wright, Steven.

CLUB "B": Martin, Lochrie,

Spencer, McFadyen, French,

Barnes, Steward, Turner, Croucher,

Whiteley, Collinson, Swinney,

Leonard, Fewles, L. Laville.

GREEN HOWARDS: Monk-

hill, Eaton, Embrey, Goulds,

Warrington, Hammersham, Wood,

McIntosh, Lowe, Lenage, God-

sell, Hemingway, Green, Mander, Carney.

Referees for the three games

are:

Club "B" v. RAFK—W.C.

Richardson.

Club "A" v. Police—Davies,

RAF M. v. G. Howards—W.

S. Collier.

GREAT WAY TO KEEP GOING! HAVE THIS

WEEK-END LAWN BOWLS

Main attractions of the lawn bowls programme this week-end will be the three quarter-final matches of the International competition for the Gutierrez Shield tomorrow at the Bowring Green Club and the special "Flag High Shield" match between Recreio and Kowloon Cricket Club at Recreio this afternoon.

Best of the international games would be that between England and Ireland. The England four of H. Black, A. Enciman, B. Douglas and D. Purvis

played some very good bowls last week when they eliminated Australia by 25-10 and towedmed the latter half of the game seemed to click well as a combination.

FULLY CAPABLE

The Ireland four of G. D. S. Agnew, C. E. M. Terry, T. Kavanagh and S. L. Leonard have not played together as yet, having drawn a bye in the earlier round, but are fully capable of making the semi-final value.

It was from these incon-

sistencies and inequalities that much of the unpleasantsness

of the game stemmed.

Every bit of it could

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CLUB "B": Martin, Lochrie,

Spencer, McFadyen, French,

Barnes, Steward, Turner, Croucher,

Whiteley, Collinson, Swinney,

Leonard, Fewles, L. Laville.

GREEN HOWARDS: Monk-

hill, Eaton, Embrey, Goulds,

Warrington, Hammersham, Wood,

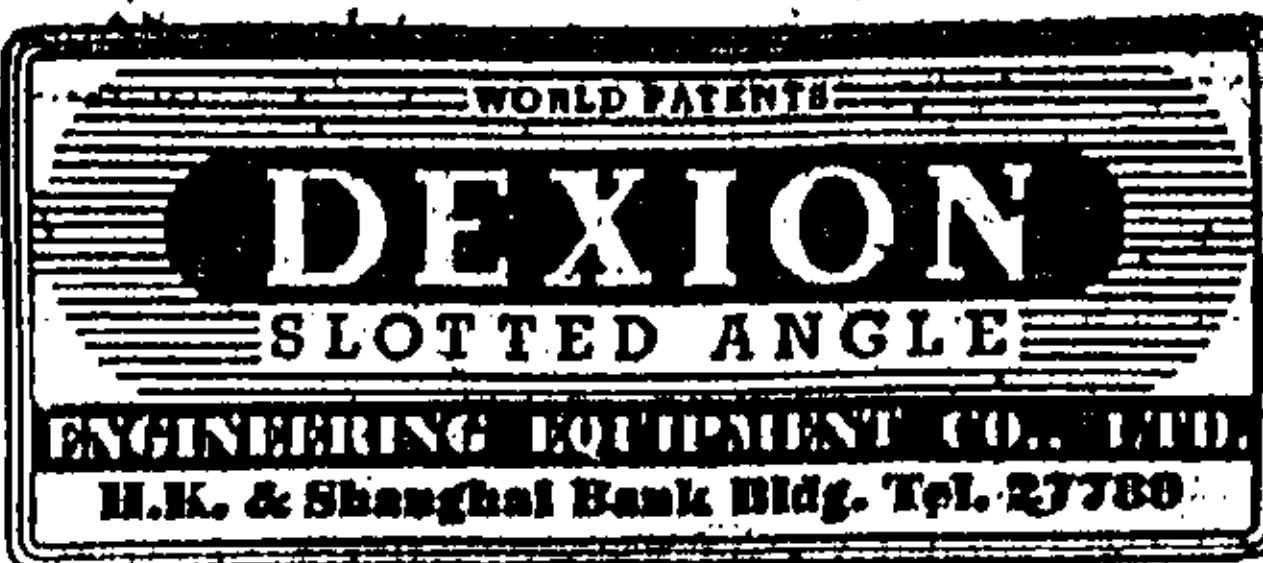
McIntosh, Lowe, Lenage, God-

sell, Hemingway, Green, Mander, Carney.

Referees for the three games

are:

Club "B" v. RAFK—W.C.



CHINA MAIL

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1958.



VODKA FLOWS IN SIBERIA

STREET FIGHTS AND ALCOHOLISM EXPOSED

Moscow, Sept. 26. A young Soviet geologist working in the remote new settlements of Siberia today drew a stark picture of life in his region, where he said there was a shortage of food but no shortage of vodka.

The geologist, I. Choban, who left university two years ago, described street fights and tragedies caused by alcoholism in a letter to the Communist Youth League newspaper Komsoyol Pravda.

An officially inspired press campaign against drunkenness only raised laughter in places where there were no houses, roads, or policemen for hundreds of kilometers.

Not a Puritan

The inhabitants lived in very severe conditions, Choban said, "But we think we have the right to some good food, such as oranges, lemons, and green vegetables."

"You can't find any of these here, but there is plenty of vodka."

What good are lectures and posters, the geologist asked, "if

you see vodka everywhere at all times of the day....."

The geologist added he had heard of some countries which allowed the sale of "vodka and wine" only at certain times of the day. He suggested a similar arrangement in the Soviet Union.

He said he was not particularly fond of vodka but when I do I find only vodka and vodka in shops in my region!"—Reuter.

Douglas-Home Injured While Bathing

Nairobi, Sept. 26. Robin Douglas-Home, former suitor of Princess Margaret of Sweden, injured himself while bathing in a swimming pool this evening, and had to have six stitches put into head wounds. He also suffered a twisted neck.

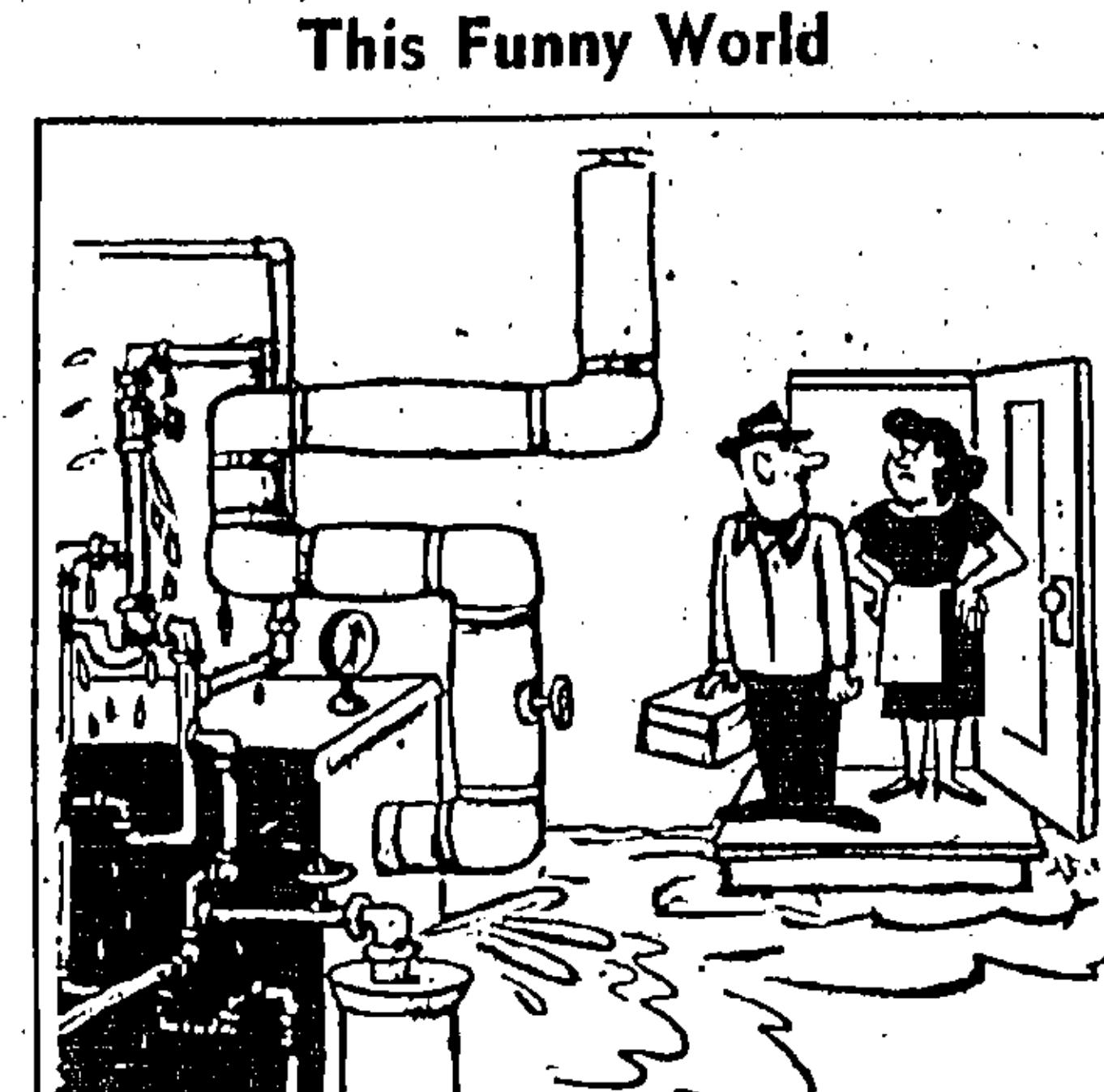
Douglas-Home, who is on holiday in Kenya, "on medical advice," was attending a twilight swimming party at the Malindi coastal resort with the daughter of Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya.

He was taken to hospital after colliding with Miss Baring while diving into the pool, but was understood this evening to be "comfortable". Miss Baring was not injured. — France-Press.

CANCER VICTIM FORETOLD HOUR OF DEATH

London, Sept. 26. A Glasgow surgeon has revealed how a male patient dying from cancer of the lung accurately forecast the day and hour of his death.

The surgeon, Mr. Arnold Cowan, writes in the British Medical Journal: "On paying my usual routine visit on Tuesday, the patient took hold of my hands, thanked me for all my attention, and then told me I would not need to call and see him after Thursday as he was going to die at 2.30 that afternoon."



"I can fix it for a flat, exorbitant fee or, if you prefer, fool around with it on an hourly basis."

BRITAIN FLOPS IN WHITE CITY MEET

Finns Pile Up Shock 21 Lead

London, Sept. 26. Finland was virtually assured of victory over Britain after totalling a magnificent 69 point total against Britain's 48 after 11 events in the two-nation meet at the White City here today.

None of the experts here believed that the Finns would prove such a menace in the track events. But British belief in their trackmen suffered a stinging blow when the Finns won four of these contests against Britain's three.

The fans were rocked when their hero, Brian Hewson, the European champion, was beaten by flying Finn Olavi Jorjalo, who returned 3 minutes, 44.2 seconds—two seconds outside their record.

British athletic prestige took a hit when Finland's Milidh spurted home in the 400 metres, returning \$2.4 seconds, to outclass the fancied British runners.

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